Lyman J.

Havana 18th February 1859

My dear kind Lyman,

It was very affectionate and tender in you to leave me the Bottles of medicine in the delicate manner you did; I shall never forget your kindness to me. I am better I think – but still disgracefully weak. Manley will tell you more details about us all – which I have not time or strength to write now – I wrote on my medical condition to Dr. Cabot – I have no letters to Europe. Would you write to Seward and ask him to give me letters to American ministers <u>ministers</u> <u>be</u> in Europe, and to any one else he knows and likes. J P Hale will do me the same favor. Then if you take them with you to London I shall be whole footed when we meet. Love from all. Remember me kindly at home.

Faithfully J P.

Lyman J.

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Faithfully J. P.

Lyman J.

Saturday P.M. 23d April. 185

West End Santa Cruz.

My dear Lyman,

Many thanks for all the four letters which reached us April 17. at IX A.M. may I thank you for each of them – that of March 3, 11, 25 and April 1 – and the cuttings from the Tribune etc, the opinions of "ancient Nathan", and the journal of March 20. What a place the poor School-committee are in! I wish I had been at home to handle the whole matter in a Sermon, and show the Principle of Toleration, and the Limits of Legislation. This matter will only end by driving the Bible out of the Public Schools altogether; every Version is a Sectarian Version, and new ones will be "tinctured with that odious gall". Certainly the Protestants would not admit the Catholic Bible into the Schools of Boston. But how miserably the public seems to meet the question!

We leave here May 17th (or thereabout) in the Parana which is a slow thing, so we may not reach London till June 3 or 4. I shall come at once to London and stop at the Tavern nearest the Rail-road terminus if it looks decent, and then orient myself at Baring's. Shan't I be glad to see you! The Hunts will meet us at Antwerp, perhaps Desor also. I shall propose that he join us for travel in Holland, and that he you and I at least go to Copenhagen Stockholm and Upsala

Lyman J.

to study the Northern ethnological antiquities.— he is much interested in them. I have invited him to go with me to Egypt next winter! In that case I think of leaving the ladies with the Apthorps at Paris,— to save expense — and of being well enough to go without them! You are a dear good soul to send me just the information I want to know, and that too in the most condensed form! What shall we see in London! You know the old big town as well as Boston, and must advise. — You see by the tone of this letter that I feel pretty strong. I have only one bad symptom, and that is the cough, which has not abated much since February or January. But all else is good— I can write 4 or 5 hours a day—and have done so now and then; it is all out of doors,— windows open— no gloves, wind blowing, doors never shut,— I substantially am out of doors all the time save at night when we have only two windows open.— The hottest day has been 85° from II to VI P. M, the coldest night 72°. I do not feel oppressed by the heat— so much as at home in July; but walk out at all hours of the day. I like not the subtle chill of the night air at 74° or 76°, and so keep in doors. Santa Cruz is horribly dull,— you can't imagine how dull, no newspapers, no conversation, no nothing— except Rum and Sugar and not much of that this year.— I shall have nice things to tell you of the success of Emancipation here, and the refined look of the Negroes.— Here is a noble minister, Rev Dubois,

Lyman J.

(Episcopalian) who works for these poor creatures. Love from all. I need not say from

Yours thankfully. T.P.

Kindest regards to all your Family.

Between you and me I am writing a letter to the parish and shall send it home in the middle of May by some American going to Boston: sub rosa tho

I hope Fanny Hoffs is well, and the wonderful one Hoffs Shay.

—

Montreux, Pension Ketterer.
June 22. 1859.

C

My dear Lyman,

We reached Dijon about V P.M Sunday after a most delightful ride through a highly cultivated country, the land is naturally rather sterile by nature but made abundantly productive by art, the crops were fine— rye, wheat, grass, now & then a little Indian Corn, and the bountiful vines of Côte d'or. How every thing is utilisée every spot of ground, all the water, and the waste of the roads! nothing is lost— at taverns the guests eat their plates clean.

At Dijon we found a fine Hotel (De la Cloche

but prices exorbitant; all tavern-keepers I fear are Pirates, and seek to exploiter the rest of mankind. It is I think the queerest little old town I ever saw. All is mediæval - narrow streets, churches, with no approach to the Renaissance, of the quaintest fashion. I felt myself carried back to the time of Charles the Bold and Jean sans Peur - whose tombs are here - with their high-nosed statues lying on the top. - We staid till II P.M. next day, then started for Geneva which we reached at XI, tired and hungry. I was too weary to do much the next day but H. and L. visited some of the (Jew) curiosities of the town. At III P.M, we steamed off for Montreux - but met ill weather three quarters of an hour before reaching it, and at VII 1/2 landed (in a flat boat) in a violent thunder-storm. We staid awhile in a Shanty - where Mr. Ketterer was waiting for an English family, and then walked some three eighths of a mile to his Hotel. All was ready for us - fine apartments with a most glorious out-look, good beds &c. Most of all, there were our blessed friends - all well, and not at all changed since 1856, save only that Willy has grown older, stouter, browner and more boy-like. What a bright little dog he is! they did not look for us that day - and supposed their ill weather extended to Geneva and would prevent us from coming there. Our baggage got badly wet - and the industrious Bear has been

Lyman J.

busy all day with unpacking, airing, smoothing out and replacing the unwanted articles which fill our trunks and bags.

Do you know what a prospect there is - night before my face! the Dent du Midi, 10,000 feet high, covered with snow is as distinctly defined as the Steeples at Jamaica Plain appear at your house. Come and see - Apthorps plans many excursions for us; this afternoon, (VII now) the weather is delicious, the scenery perfect: Come and make it complete with your presence & believe me

Faithfully yours
Theodore Parker.

Bear admired the Bronze counterfeit presentment of herself as much as I. All send their hearty love. It has rained here every day for a month; now we shall have fair weather. Great Sumner - dear great noble soul - from me. The Apthorps and Hunts send all manner of kind wishes to you.
I am taking the Hy - po - phos - phites!

Lyman J.

Montreux. Suisse 13 Sept. 1859.

Dearest Governor-

It gave me a touch of the Heart-break to say good bye the other day, and to ride off without you- However the Steam Engine took no notice of your absence, and we got to Neuchâtel about V P.M. and found Desor had left his house 3/4 of an hour before! Marie had been there and of course Spitz. I saw Brents. M. Meyer will have your watch by the time you come for it, he says- but I doubt- Vogt was staying with him but had gone out to the Observatory and I missed him. We returned to Montreux at VI P.M. on Friday- I took a little cough on the Rail-road and Boat as I always do when I pass from Neuchâtel to Montreux- but am mending again. The weather has been fine- it is cloudy today and will rain. The House is crowded, 25 at table and a supplementary party in the Parlor! Your room is occupied by Col. Takyerbov a Russian who rattles away in very good German, or rather rough French. There are no English. Baron Roenna and lots of Jewality came Sunday and was relegated to the Hotel des Alpes- an intelligent man whose fear destroys his wisdom.

Grapes are abundant at half a Franc a litre, and peaches fine- Plums are cheap and good. Our table is awful- such a cackling of harsh voices! Imagine 500 Parrots on a Tamarind tree in the West Indies, and you will approach

Lyman J.

the dis of the table-

I have written the Letter of Resignation to the Parish and it will go tomorrow. I will copy it for you in a day or two and send it to Paris I suppose, unless you name some other place. I have news from Boston to August 24- no bad news. I found lots of letters when I came back and have not half done answering them yet. In the fine weather I am out doors from 9 till XII, or- I or II, besides a little in the afternoon. Pic du Midi is all covered with snow. I don't feel quite sure the As & Js will be with us in Rome- indeed that old Pope may make a great row and render Rome too hot for this winter. When in Paris please ask Bigelow to tell what he thinks of other places if Rome fails. How can a body get to Malaga!- and still more how get away from that devilish Spanish hole!- You have not seen the latest word of Rev Bellows- in which he compares himself to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Sardinia (Sic)! Good bye & God bless you

T. P.

Lyman J.

Montreux. Thursday 15 Sept 1859.

Best of Governors. (Pontius Pilatus!)

Many thanks for your kind letter of 12th. We are all rejoiced to hear of your successful journeyings; really you have done wonders. I wish I had been with you; but perhaps it would not be quite wise to attempt so much. — We are all well here. I have mainly got over my cold and do not cough much just now. When the weather is good I am out of doors almost all the forenoon. Yesterday I went (with Asthorpe) to Veray, to see Dr. Frothingham who called on us the day before; but found him not. We walked home by the circuitous mountain paths — about 5 miles with no fatigue, even the Addenbrooke maximum saying nothing against it. The grapes are ripe and delicious but still only a franc a lb.* The locusts is just of the most chattering of mortals — but at dinner and supper we all sit in the salon — and escape that torrent of wind. — Desor sent you his photographs which I today mail for you at Neuchâtel. I would send many things, but think I shall leave them en dépôt somewhere in Switzerland for the winter and take them in the spring.

It looks now as if we should go to Rome. The Pope I think will keep the peace — poor old fool that he is — astonished that his "faithful children" at Bologna refuse to have him for their father!

Lyman J.

Dr. Bottinghame has just been here – and is glad I am not going to Egypt and that I am to pass the winter in Rome. He too will be there.

"Et quae tanta fuit Romam causa videndi!"
is easily answered by any Scholar. I wish you were to be with us – it would make the pleasure complete. But that would be too much: – so I will content me with gratitude for the past.

I send you a few letters which you can distribute when you get to Boston: many more I shall send to Paris after you get there and advise me of your loens in quo. I hear nothing of Sumner: perhaps you will see him at Paris. I have half a mind to take the cars and run down there and see you before you go; but have my doubts as to the wisdom of it. You know how cheap it is – from Leroy to Paris 2d class – 5 fr. 25. How you will enjoy the Theatres! There you will see lots of Gautiers.

God bless you

all send their Love.

I mean to live but may die any time, and so wish to provide a little for that latter contingency and as you are going home will give you a hint – Should I die and the 28th take any notice of the fact – I should wish this arrange=ment of services – to be conducted by John T Sargent. J. F. Clarke and Wendell Phillips.

(1) a voluntary by the Choir – perhaps a chant of Ps 139

ymar J.

1-4. 7-12. 17-18. 23-24.

(II) Scriptures- Micah VI. 8. Matth XXII 37-40. John IV. 23-24. 1 John Ep. III 18-20. IV. 7. 12. 16. 18. Psalm XXIII 1-4. 6. XXVII 10. 13. Matth XXV 34-40, & V 3-12.

(III). A brief funeral Prayer.

(IV.) Hymn - "While thee I seek" &c

(V) Remarks by Wendell Phillips.

(VI) Hymn. "Nearer my God to Thee".

I shall tell my Executors that I want no monument - but a little plain old fashioned grave stone of blue slate - it won't cost $5.- without any paint on it, with only my name, and the date of Birth and Death.

Lyman J.

Montreux, Day of Mr Everett's Spee
at Boston, on the Statue. 1859 A.
September 17.th

Dear Gov.r

How we miss you! all of us, especially the under-
signed! I suppose you will get to Paris about the same
time with this letter. Bad weather we have here just now;
it rains below and it snows above. I can't see the Mountains
now tho' so near. But when I saw them last — even those
just opposite had their snow-caps on, and they put them
down a little lower every day. They will not take them
off again till next June — But it will not be cold again,
they say, till November — Our House runs over with Germans
and Dutchmen, and Russians ad libitum. How they do
rattle off their Jawin lingo!

We have letters from Boston till August 31 — no news of any
consequence. It seems that secretive Horace Mann left $ 50.000. —
So Dr. Howe tells Sanborn! Phillips (P & Sampson Booksellers you
know) died in August. This surprizes me, for he seemed to have
a good constitution. But the great anxieties of his large business
they say broke him down.

Fields (Ticknor Reed & F.) is at Iway — left Boston June 1 —
I was stivering along the road from Montreux, eating grapes,
and heard somebody call out — "can you tell me the way to
Boston Meetin' House"! and behold there was Field with a
great handsome Beard — not equal to the Gov.r's tho'! — and
an Umbrella and Poet Field. He had seen in the New York

yman J.

times that I was at Montreux and walked over to see the critter. He is well and happy – his wife with him, he wants to stay all winter – but doubts the possibility.

Desor sent you his Photograph – which I mailed to Neuchâtel for you, as per advice, on the supposition that you would not get there till it was waiting for you. But as you were gone before it got there, I write today to the Post-master at Neuchâtel to ask him to send it and a letter sent at the same time, to John Munro & Co for you. If they don't arrive perhaps you had better write to the said Post-Master at Neuchâtel.

Here I enclose a letter which I beg you to give Manley when you return and tell him Mr. J. H. S is nephew of our Mrs Bridge – and I don't know his Post-Office address: it used to be Boston: – he can ascertain. I shall send many more to you at Paris to be distributed in Boston – and so save lots of Ocean Postage. O, for an international penny Postage!

My letter to you contained also my wife's (neat) copy of my letter to the 28th resigning my office. I should have liked your criticism on it when I could profit by it: but it is now too late. J. F. C. will preach for us at Boston tomorrow. I find I am making quite a row among the Unitarians: I am sorry for them, the Denomination seem to enjoy ill-health, (and some of its conspicuous members ill-temper also.) I don't know what sort of cure to prescribe. How do you think Lager Bier and Cigars would do!

When you see the Rheinwalds please

Lyman J

remember me kindly to them both. I wonder if you could get me at Paris a pair of letter scales with the appropriate weights, and send them here? Perhaps Rheinwald could tell of some way of transmission. Don't give yourself any trouble about it.

Mr. Everett — your Brother Governor you know — appr- hends a little difficulty if he goes à propria persona to England to "place mi son at the University" because they may ask him troublesome questions "about mi Religion". (I think that could be put into equation pretty easy — by the old formula "make + = 0 and then proceed".) So he asks Rev. E. E. Hale to go and do it — offering to supply his pulpit in his absence. (The letters don't say whether he will supply per alium or per se!) The Parish have it under advise- ment — I think he should have sent the ancient Nathan who might have taken the Sizer as a prog that the Relig- ion of the Family was all right, or at least that it was not "something dangerous", but an infinitesimal whose value need not be appreciated. But Hale is an honest fellow and may bring the C.L.D. into hot water. Everett wanted to go himself in August, but the Sisti objected: "How shall we cool our Punch in the Dog-days!" Now his Religion hinders him! "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Faithfully.

J. P.

mon J.

Montreux, 21 Sept^r 1859.

How much we miss the best of Governors it is vain to attempt to tell. But I won't vex him with a long letter this time for I write mainly on a matter of business, viz: to wit namely. I sent Desor's photographs to Neuchâtel, hoping to waylay you therewith while en route for Paris. But as you got there, and thence absquatulated before my missive fell on that spot, I wrote M. le Secrétaire du Bureau des Lettres and asked him to shoot the same at you in Paris. But he instead sends it back to me here - for he says it is so costly to send such things by the French Poste. Besides, a Mr Joseph Lehman (wonder if he is also a Governor) opened the same, but finding nothing to his taste returned it. What shall I do with the face of the Good Professor!

Desor is still at Combe Varin whence he wrote me lamenting that he missed "the good Governor" whom he eulogizes in a fabulous style. Really I think you will go home a spilt Governor - What with admiration of the women - all of them, and the affection of the Professor! Well, it is dangerous for such men to travel - I advise you for the future not to go further than Nahant, nor to tempt the sea in craft larger than the Loyal Hannah. The weather has been a sort of Ugly here for some days; now it is like a good-humored bit of an ill-natured woman. - Tafft is the name of that Architect from Providence Rhode Island whom we saw at Geneva: You

Lyman J.

may meet him at Paris. Dr. thinks Brandy is a treacherous ally – and hinders better auxiliaries – alas I have no other (but sun-shine) and trust this but little. Do ask Dr. Bigelow what harm it can do. I think a man with my bald head and gray beard won't "take to drinking" in a hurry. – All our ladies send the usual amount of love: – it seems to exude from them like honey-dew from certain plants. The As & Hs add theirs also. – I send two letters for you to carry home when you put again the Atlantic between us – and shall send many more. If we go to Rome this winter it must be via Marseilles – all the other routes will be too cold for an invalide misérable. But that is the cheapest also. If Rome be full of insurrection I think of nothing better than Malaga – which has climate and no more. Dr. Howe says he never heard of but one good thing that was Spanish i.e. Spanish dollars. But – I fear one must leave many of his own behind him when he comes away from that (hateful) land.

Faithfully your subject & Governor.

J. P.

man J.

Montreux 26th September 1859.

I have not much to write you, Sir most excellent Governor, but must now & then remind you that there is a large Province here in № 10 Pension Hetterer, which requires a great deal of ruling and which now lies wholly ungoverned and disorderly. (There is no knowing (at Paris) how I behave (at Montreux.) Sometimes I cough and there's no Governor to tell me "Here is the Chloroform mixture which you are to take"! And when I propose some rash thing like walking up to the Auberge – to say – "It wont do. Besides I have been there and got the wine: le voici"!

Baron Von Roenne you know is here, and he recommends a certain medecine for my throat. I must take a new page for the name. Struveischer Ostersalz brunnen artificiell mineral wasser. I think if that does not cure my throat it will break my jaws. Appthorp will send for it at Berne this blessed afternoon, and perhaps bring it home in the Dampfschleifschiffahrt gesellschaftsgelegenheitwaagen, and if so I shall take the Zahnbrecherische Material tomorrow morning in warmen Milch. The said Struve lives at Dresden and brews all sorts of mineral-wasser better than Nature herself produces them and cheaper a great deal – that beats all Natur!

Post (James T.) Fields came here today with his pretty wife – en route for Chamounix. I think they will go to Rome by & by as we also. It did me good to see them: the

Lyman J.

is really handsome (so the ladies say;) and contrasts famously with the terrible mass of Jenality now stowed away in the Peninsular Hotel. "40 Souls" says the Post – "C'est magnifique"

Bless me how you did the Rhine, Governor! Thank your ** Julia Howe is not here to write "the facetious History of Joe Silsbee" and print it with cuts in Harpers Weekly – no – not there – but in the New York Ledger along side of the Mt Vernon Papers. ("Day of Everett's Oration" means 17th September). How you would look with the Treaty of Zurich wrapped round your umbrella – issuing from the Hotel Bear! all the pussies in town running after you! –

I have a great mind to run down to Paris and see you before you flit for Boston – but "the better part of valor is Discretion." Brandy only helps the cough for 3 or 4 hours at a time producing no permanent good I fear. Begin with 1 February 1858 and divide the time into periods of 3 months up to August 1. there has been a continuous tho' irregular increase of that malady in each period except from February 1. 1859 to May 1 – when perhaps it mended, tho' it went up again to its former level by May 17th when I sailed for England. This don't look very well for the next nine months – or for ultimate recovery. But I steadily gain in weight – and last Saturday went up to 158 1/3 lbs! I have not weighed so much before for 29 years!! I shall overtake you before long – and the Province will be bigger than the Governor!!! – – – In your enclosure were two letters – one

Eyman J.

from Buckle regretting that he missed our call, and telling of his mother's death; — the other an expression of Sympathy from the Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends in Pennsylvania. Keep an account of all moneys you spend for me, Oh Governor and I will repay thee — the service of Friendship I can't repay. Here are many more letters to go home (I save a little money by troubling you thus;) and yet others will follow. If Dessor would go with me I think I should whisk down to Paris in 14 hours — "through by daylight" and bring the Photographs &c. The Bull is famous! I ought to be a Broker to have Bulls and Bears both on my seal. — Wife sends all manner of love — so do the rest only not so much nor so gratefully.

Yours T. P.

The (Ex) Empress of all the Russias passed here yesterday P.M. about VI and Bear says if you (Gov^r) had been here she should have seen her — but as you were at Divine service in Paris she missed the splendid show! — I know why you go home so early — you mean to run against Governor Banks! not satisfied with being Governor of this Province!

Leyman J.

Montreux. 30 September 1859.

Not a line from you, Sr Governor, since the 24th which brought your favour of 21st. I think I shall have to write to Hon. (Minister) Mason and Hon. (Consul) Neerdogood to ask them to stir up the police of Paris to hunt up the Governor: if I don't hear from you soon I think I shall put the Police on the Governor's track and get them to report to me.

I write now to ask if you will take charge of a little parcel of notions that I shall send (plomb'é) by the Railroad to Paris- for America. I will advise you about it if I send it, and you shall charge me with any cost it may involve. It will contain the pamphlets of Dr Martin and others which you will be glad to read on the voyage home. also the B-e-a-r-s.

The Mountains here have taken off their Snow-caps all except the Dent du Midi; and as he is 10,000 feet high he has a right to wear it; and as he is 20 miles off- he does us no harm thereby. The weather is delicious- a little rainy yesterday, otherwise brilliant for a week- thermometer at 60-65 at VIII a.m. and so proportionately all day. I am doing well, continually, now and then have an ugly coughing spell at night; but not always, nor so much as at Comte Varin. I have written Dixon that after his visit to us I will go home with him to Neuchâtel and work in his vineyard, gathering grapes. I could do this

yman f.

4-8 hours a day with pleasure and profit, and perhaps earn a penny a day! What do you think of that? I can't eat grapes - they irritate my throat and make me cough: so I have given them up altogether. --- My notion is that we shall all leave Montreux October 20th and Marseilles October 24th and so be in Rome the 28th or possibly a week sooner. -- We have letters from home up to Sept 12th. Thomas W. Phillips is dead. I think of no other news. (Wendell's brother you know.)

Take the best care of the Governor and when he gets to Massachusetts don't let him run too hard against Governor Gardner.

Good bye.

Yours T. P.

Bear and Hannah send their love. Write if you can take the Parcel without trouble.

Here are more letters for America.

It seems now most likely that we shall go from here the 13th prox. be at Lyons the 14-15, Marseilles the 16-17, and sail at night (17th). At Rome our address will be Poste restante. I shall look into the Poste Restante at Lyons also.

Lyman J.

Montreux. 4 October. 1859.

My dear Governor,

Yours of Oct 1 to me enclosing one to Bear "came duly to hand this day and its contents are noted." We have now decided to leave this place next week Thursday, 13th inst, and proceed to Lyons that day, there the As and Hs will stay till Sunday; we probably will go to Avignon on Friday P. M; but all will reach Marseilles on Sunday P. M; and at 10 P. M Monday steam off for Rome. Now, I propose to send a little boy from Lyons to Paris for you. I will direct it to Hotel Meurice — it will contain a writing-desk, some books, two ears of corn, sundry notions and more than all, several Bears. You kindly offered to take them all home to Boston for me. Perhaps you had better take them (not the Bears out of their boys — only the things out of the Boy) out of the boy and put them into Hs trunk — there of judge you. How would it do Ob Governor, for you to send the seals and the seal — the Bull, "an animal that is not easy to lead and impossible to drive", by the Post Office for me at Lyons. Poste restante. You can ascertain both the safety and the cost.

I shall go to Desor's at Neuchâtel tomorrow to engage in the vintage. Yesterday I went into a vineyard and offered my services "per gratis, for nothing" instead of "standing all the day idle in the market-place" because no man had hired me for a penny — and worked an

Clymans J.

hour and a half gathering grapes, helping make the wine.
at Dessis I hope to work 4. or 5. hours a day — but will
not overdo. — — Dr. Bigelow wrote me a nice encouraging
letter — which I shall reply to from Rome. But I don't
often put myself to the question, count my pulse &c &c.
So fear not that I shall indulge in SEAUTOUEMITIPIKON.
It is only when I write to Doctors (& the Gov.) that I hold
a coroner's inquest on myself — I am glad to find you
are in such good trim and such good company — your
Nephew and also Sumner. Do tell S. as he loves his country
to take heed to his ways, and be careful of his health. Thank
him for the many favours he did me at Paris. (I shall try
to find out the Spanish for les petites Oies.) — How sad
is what you write me about Russell! I heard only a faint
account of it not representing the case so serious as your
statement (of Howe to S); and wrote him at once. But
it does look bad for the good upright man! He came to
see me just before he went to Europe; I could only lie
on the sofa and go up stairs on my hands and knees
— tho' I preached every Sunday — and he looked so stout
and brown, his arms, which I felt of, so hard and big.
I thought — I might never see him again; but I did
not think it would be through his failure. So uncer-
tain is it after all. I have always, since 10 or 12, had
the profoundest sense of the insecurity of life, and all other
earthly things: so no misfortune takes me by surprize.
But what a sad lot — for Mrs Russell — one of the

Lyman J.

most affectional of women - as well as filled with elevated ideas! I hope Howe will soon write me in detail about Russell's condition. I know Sumner will shoot me his farewell blessing before he goes home. My address at Rome will be Poste restante.

In the boy from Lyons I will send a copy of my Letter for the Governor - a dozen have just come from Leipsic this very day - and one also for Bigelow, and another for Cronels. Sumner I take it has got his already (via Barings). I suppose you heard about "Camp Massachusetts" at Concord - and a Barn full of Whores from Ann Street! Wendell must bring Governor Banks also to the anvil and hammer him as well as Shaw (Chief Justice) and Dr Walker.

Good bye and God bless you - specially for all you have done for me. Ever yours

Theodore Parker

All the ladies send all their love. Perhaps I shall send letters in the Boy from Lyons.

Lyman J.

Montreux. 5th Oct (IV P.M) 1859.

O. Governor yours of 3d inst has just come – i,e at II 3/4, and finds us now in all the agony of packing. But it is nearly over now. Tomorrow morning Bear and I go to Desor's to help the vintage in this most delicious weather, and I have now only time to scrawl this to you to say so. If Ben brings the Bull he can leave it with the Apothecary here – they stay till the 13th – or bring it with him to Desor's. We shall go to Geneva the 12th I think and so meet the As on the morning of the 13th – I shall look into the Poste restante at Marseilles also. The Box I shall forward from Lyons – it contains lots of notions – 3 copies of my Book, one for Governor, the roll of Desor's Photographs not marked at all – the Ear of corn and the chestnuts and peach stones are for my Brother at Lexington. – Think of Old Mason gone to his own place and from such another! Well, there will be some bad debts to pay this side likewise I fear! I am glad Hill is President of Antioch – he is the best man in New England for it – after all. – So J. H. is to have another Baby. So much for my sickness – "one generation passeth away" &c – She must call it Karnak – or Cuba, or Can grande (i.e "in the vernacular Parker.") I thought it was so from a little hint in her letter which you brought me –

God bless you

L. P.

Lyman J.

Neuchâtel

at Desor's. Sunday 9th October 1859

Here we are. O. Governor, Bear and I- happy as two clams in the keeping of the good Desor- who names for you one of his biggest and tallest Spruces at Combe Varin- "one of the handsomest two" as he says. Prof. Schönbein went off this morning. You know he is the great chemist who discovered (or invented) Gun cotton Collodion &c- and discovered (not invented) Ozone. He expounded this to me yesterday: Oxygen exists in 3 forms; 1, the Neutral or inactive form; 2 the Positive form of Ozone (greek ὀζωεῖν to make a smell); and 3 Ant Ozone- the negative form. I wish you could have seen the little experiments he made on Desor's table- He is a jolly fellow and talks English well. He is one of "the great council" at Basel! I like him much.--- Desor is genial as ever and his wine as good- I told him what you did at Paris with the red wine at 16 francs- and that you thought his the better. He is making new wine now- the grapes uncommonly fine. This will be one of the secular years of the century, like 1834.--- I am in excellent condition sleep well (without Hyoscyamus) cough but little: yet it is foggy here at least half of the day- We rejoiced much over your Turnspit (Desor has got a real St. Bernard shut, 3½ months old with paws like a Bear!) and dined in fancy off of your Eagle. I suppose you will keep your Turnspit chained! Spitz is in excellent

Lyman J.

condition and has his culbute daily. Die gute Marie is good as ever, and Desor as busy – with Friends, Vintage and Science. – – – I hope you have read the Popes Allocution! Aint he one of Dr. Howe's fools (of the 2d class I mean)! What will become of him, and his "temporal power!" Louis Napoleon is in a bad fix with his Ultramontane Bishops ready to d – n him in the next world and (what he fears more) dethrone him in this. – – I wish you could get smoothly over in the great Eastern; but I fear the new Monster a little for you; she may bust another Biber at sea. But you know best. I shall rejoice to see your Nephew... Only think of it: – Governor went off and did not pay his washwoman! Owed her 1.70! (Of course I paid the woman).

I drank up all your Brandy – drinking your health as well as my own and shall find enough more on the road. No new letters from home; it looks as if Banks was letting himself slide out of public esteem. Nothing but Integrity will do the work of Integrity: how amazing men can't see this universal law!

Good bye, O. Governor

T. P.

Lyman J.

Geneva. 13. October. 1859.

Here we are, the Governor, at Geneva, having arrived last night at VII, leaving the good Desor at I. All the Agassizes were here awaiting us at the Hôtel Victoria, where at IX your Nephew Ben made his appearance coming later from Montreux. He looks like a fine fellow, and I like him much already; it is a good face, natural language is very good. He won't need advice from me, even if I had it to give. Yours will be tenfold better. — — — He had advices from Boston touching Russell up to 18 ult: He could move and speak then; so said Mrs Bait writing to Mrs Agassiz. But all that will amount to little: I fear — for the Disease will soon return; and even if it does not it is only a poor wreck which hardly keeps the sea, and takes no freight.

Ben Lyman brought the Scales which are admirable, and so cheap too! (I send the six frames by B. L.)

But the Bear — the Bear! why it is a most admirable specimen, of that genus — he stands now, hat in hand — that old slouch hat such as none but a Bear ought to have (I left mine at Desor's — I suppose he will wear it when he goes to meeting) — and is looking at the Bronze Bear which my wife always carries as one of the Penates of the family. Why it is a perfect Beauty — I shall be tempted to seal all my letters: — but this, to you, will have the first stamp, to consecrate

Eyman J.

the seal.

I shall shoot you a little good-for-nothing line from Lyons and from Marseilles, just to let you know that I am alive and kicking! — You don't know how well I am — how much better I mean, than when we parted at Thun. I cough less, and am much stronger. The ride from Montreux to Neuchâtel, with its interruptions & five hours, did not fatigue me at all, no more did that yesterday — from Neuchâtel here, tho' I carried more than 70 lbs of baggage from the steamboat to the cars at Yverdon as a test. I have an excellent appetite; spirits never fail. — — Besor was never more genial; most of the time Bear and I were his only guests, so I had a deal of talk with him, tho' he was a little over busy with his vintage. He sold his grapes on the spot — the white at 35 francs the gerbe, the red at 57; the common price is 23 for one, and 40 for the other. He keeps but a little for himself; but in years when the quantity is greater, and the price little he will fill up those enormous tonneaux in his cellar. I have seen all parts of the process of making wine now — and assisted at all of it likewise. — — Presly has been drunk a great deal lately and now has gone to Solothurn to attend a law suit about some water-privilege. He is considered an expert in the matter of water. perhaps because he never drinks it. Marie is kind as ever — and worked in the vintage — so did Elise & Brentz & Auguste (both of whom

Lyman J.

got boosy yesterday) and the Gris — who whinnies when Desor goes into the garden. Spitz has his culbute quite often enough, but is jealous of the great St Bernarder. — Sumner wrote me Monday — I am glad he does not go home till November, and still more rejoiced at what you report from Brown Sequard. I hope he goes to new battles, new victories, and new laurels too. — Desor did not tell that to Mrs Rheinwald — she made it up — the sly woman. But "it wowod spoil the gowod Governor" says Desor "to hear what she wrote about him." so I shall not tell you. Please remember me kindly to her & hers — I hope to see them in Paris next spring. — I wish I could have gone with you to La Grange. What an interesting expedition it was! now good bye — and God bless you —

Faithfully yours
J. P.

All send their love.

Lyman J.

Hotel de Lyons au Troisième 14. Oct. 1859.

Thine of 12th inst, oh Governor, waited me at the Post Office where I took it at XII M. this day, and read with many thanks. It rains here like all possessed – it always rains at Lyons: but now all hands have taken hold of the brakes and let fly. (What a pity Governor Everett is not here with an Oration!) But the Ladies are out shopping. (I wonder if Love of shopping is an original instinct with women – as love of them is with men! Do ask the Sisti.) I fear we shall miss Avignon – but I have seen it (and its torture chambers and the pope's bed-room – of course only for a single bed) before now. – – – Wife says "Sumner is crazy and that is the first way it shows itself in his case – by & by it will appear in other forms." Well, I should rather be crazy than dishonest as most New England politicians are. I am glad he don't sail till November 5, (Guy Fawkes day!) it will save him a deal of excitement at home. I hope for his future: I also fear! O. best of Governors, I wish you were safe at home – eating roast-beef with your wife, or driving Fanny over to Cambridge to see your Mother, (only not in the rain). – – – Give yourself no trouble to get my little Book to Cranch; leave it at Munroe's – and notify him by Post-Office! I agree with you about lynching Col. Aviti: he was one of the Curtis family of Parma – about equal to G. T. Curtis, and ought to have been lynched.

"Who ever cared how, where, or when,
The prowling wolf was trapped or slain!"

Lyman J.

If I were on a jury I should on my oath say "served him right." But if I were the Provisional Government at Parma just now, I should make a great row about the matter, and search for the offenders in all places where I knew they were not, and have a trial — but stretch no man's neck for that act of wild justice". How miserable ministers have debauched the world by declaring that the malevolent instincts had no place in Humanity: it is doctrine for ev — les not men. God knew what he was about when he put the instinct of vengeance in the Heart of Man. It is the first form of the Social conscience. If Garibaldi meets the Pope's soldiers wont he give them some useful lessons! Louis Napoleon don't care a neapolitan fig for the Pope's temporal power, or his spiritual: but is greatly afraid of that of his own 80 Bishops and 4 Archbishops, and 41.000 Ultramontane clergy! How well the ministers behaved at Bologna — and would sing Te Deum, the brave fellows, spite of the Archbishop! I wonder if the next German Revolution will be as bloodless as the Italian!

— hand sicca morte descendunt tyranni!

How long it takes to do any great good thing for Mankind! There is a solidarity between men and the ground he gets his bread out of and lays his bones into at last; it appears in the history of both; enormous results in enormous periods. What a lesson do these Jura rocks offer us! Nihil saltatim, omne gradatim is the motto of the Earth

Lyman J.

and of Man. Well, you and I, like the madrepores, may add our little to the accretions of mankind; our possible in all God asks of Man or Polypus. How many centuries will it yet take to bring the actual of America up to the Ideal of the Declaration of Independence! What wars will intervene: and how many Websters will prove false and get Greek-Professors and Blacksmith-Governors and Minister-Politicians to bless their statues for it! E pur si muove- Dear old Humanity- it never stands still; upward and onward is the eternal word of God!

But I forget; I told you my preaching-days were over - ended and gone. - - I am in excellent case, love the journeys of yesterday and the day before as well as any, and better than most, and have a (Italy) bottle of (Asthorpes) Brandy before me. I am the most careful man in the world - and weigh all my letters in the new scales (which work famously) Could you ask better proofs!

God bless you

Yours ever

T. P.

Had a nice letter from Fanny Cobbe (Intuitive-morals Cobbe) She has seen Sam. Go May, and loves him. Heard him preach against the atonement and about King David - admirable sermons she thinks. Julia (Herodotus Tripsteuba) Howe must call her Baby - of course it will be a boy - Can grande. (if a girl it must be Canina grande.)

Lyman J.

Hotel d' Angleterre. Rome.
October 21. 1859.

C

Here we are, O. Governor in "the Eternal city," and on the look out for winter lodgings - the first letter must be to you - and I trust it will reach you in your quiet home: - "Again he bringeth them to their desired Haven" said a Sea-Capt. "is one of the most blessed words in the Bible — Old Testament, or New Testament." At Marseilles up to VII 1/2 P.M. Monday there was no letter from you, and none possible till IX 1/2 next day. I found none at Rome but others from Boston up to 28 ult, so I suppose you have steamed off for America. We had a delightful time in the Pansilippe from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia - weather perfect, sea smooth, ship excellent. Of course H. was sick, and the other ladies kept their Berths. We reached Civita Vecchia about VI-VII Wednesday, and after many little delays at Custom House &c, got to the Hotel at Rome about IV. P.M. stowed away the ladies as well as we could; and Apthorp and I set off to hunt up apartments. - - -
So far had I got, O Governor, when something put an end to writing. It is now Saturday. Oct 22d - and we have found an appartamento at No 16. via delle quattro Fontane, 4th Piano - that means 4th story - 120 stairs from the ground, but the 4 flights are all easy, 30 steps in each, the risers being less the higher you go up. We have 4 Rooms - all finely provided with all manner of needful conveniences: so it seems now at least. We pay 48 Scudi (# 48 and a little more) a month for them;

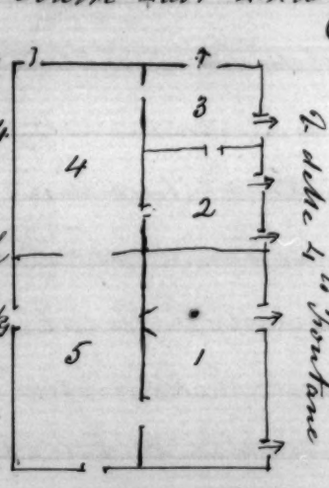
Lyman J.

the price is high, but I found no rooms which pleased me so much. (1) The situation is lofty, the best in Rome – with a fine view of the whole city from the various windows, so the air is good – dry, free from all damps. (2). We have abundance of sunlight – the street runs a little South of due East & West, the Sun comes into our East window at rising, and into the 5 South windows about IX ½ in the shortest days, and stays till it goes down. So, you see, we have the Sun all the time he is worth looking at. (3) The rooms and furniture are of a high grade in respect to neatness and comfort. (4). The Hutchesons – Hunts are under the same roof with us – on the 3d story – so if I should become very sick there is help close at hand – and company for my wife at any rate. All the (material) elements look auspicious. We shall have our meals sent to us from a Trattoria I think, i.e. our dinners, and furnish ourselves with breakfast – getting only hot water from the owner of the appartaments. So I think it will not cost more than it did at Mrs Havestraw's in Santa Cruz, = $120 a month for all three. Considering that I am an invalide miserable (was not that the title you used to put after my name in the Hotel Books?) and must have sunlight at all costs. I think I am not very extravagant; the As & Hs pay $65 each – and think they are not so well used as I am. – – The weather is rainy and is likely to continue so for some weeks I fancy, for it is the rainy season (Oct 15 Nov 10–15) and it has been very dry all summer and autumn, hence more rain than usual is looked for. I should be glad to escape the damps – my worst enemy, but

could not. The rain had begun in Switzerland – and doubtless will continue a month. How can a body run away from the rain – when "it raineth every where"! I hope something from the climate of Rome, and quite as much from the entertainment it will offer in a cheap, healthy and not exciting fashion. I shall keep out of Churches, and not go into any Catacomb until my friends lay me there. I am running away from an American Catacomb, and don't incline to a Roman. Theatres I shall leave to the rest of mankind; but shall live out of doors as much as possible in fine weather, and only keep housed when it is so wet as to make me cough. I find one thing cheap in Rome – viz. Italian Books and especially the binding thereof: but book-buying is behind me, and I shall only indulge in what is indispensable for my well-being here this season. ---
No English seem likely to come here this winter; they seem thoroughly frightened. But Americans will be pretty plenty, judging from rumor. I shall not write many letters I fear; partly because I don't like stooping over a desk to write, and partly for the cost of postage. But please notice that a letter via England costs (22+24=) 46 cents; one via France costs only 32 cents – I mean Baiocchi. I find a scudo costs me about $1.04. its actual value as coined metal I think is about $1.11 --- So far had I written the Governor; when again something stopped the pen; now it is Tuesday, 25. and we are fixed in our new home – and a fine situation it is, on almost the highest ground in Rome, with the whole city before us – under our feet, a magnificent prospect in

Lyman J.

each direction. The Popes Quirinal palace is close to us; his gardens lie between; the Pincian is on the other side - with its fine gardens and magnificent trees. Story lives in the Palazzo Barberini just behind us. St Peters is in full sight. From the top of the Pincian, a street, wide and handsome, runs pretty straight to the Porta della Croce and Porta Maggiore, for it forks so as to reach both; this is called in different parts Via Sistina, via Felice, via delle quattro Fontane, via di San Eusebio, and via di Croce (I believe the Porta Croce does not exist, or is walled up.) Our House is No. 16 delle quattro Fontane and our appartamento (suite of rooms) is in the 4th Story, and is thus situated.



No 1 is the general Room, Parlor, eating Room &c, & is 4.64 metres by 5.24
No 2 is our sleeping Room
- 3 is his
- 4 - an Ante room of not much use except for ventilation & storage of trunks
No 5 is the Entry - the Kitchen, rooms of our landlord &c are to the left of 4 & 5; the whole appartamento is 39 metres long, but the embrasure of the windows are about 2 feet deep and so add to the size of the rooms, - the parts marked ↑ are windows - we have 7. The sun shines in, at the front windows at IX ½ and continues till it sets; it leaves the end windows about XI or XII. So you see we are well off for air and sun-light, the rooms are 14 or 15 feet high - the windows 7 or 8, and propor-

Lyman J.

=tionally wide. No 1, 2, 3, 4 are carpeted- the furniture is good for Italy- Of course New England comfort and New England cleanliness are not to be expected. Our dinner is sent us from a Trattoria, and costs $1.00 for us all and leaves us a bit of cold meat &c for breakfast. We shall have hot water from the landlord — who also attends to the service of the chambers and make our own breakfast. All kinds of wine — including Malaga are abundant, and not dear. Brandy and gin and whiskey are common in the shops. So you see I need not go dry, (and I don't mean to.) We have laid in, our little stock of groceries; the tea you bought in Paris will work after its kind, and a little you gave me also of the flowers of tea is still left and fragrant as ever.— the Appletons are moving in, today — one story below us. I thought it important that we should all be under the same roof:-(1). My boys want their company in the evening, and they [illegible]; (2). I may get sick, and end my days here, in which case it would be highly important to have such friendly help at hand by night and day. But don't fear for me- I have no intention of leaving my Bones in this Roman earth which is twice cursed- politically and ecclesiastically. I have for years been looking for a certain Book by Nieuwendt, (a Dutchman) on the Existence of God, and have often got scent of it. I want to read it before publishing my own Sermons (of 1857) on that theme. Today (it is 5 P. M. now) I found it in a stall, and bought it (a large handsome quarto) for f. 50 cents! If I were a Heathen I should look on this as an auspicious omen (good Jely,

Lyman J.

Janstum, fortunatum sit) that I should live to finish my Book. If so I will ask no more! Yet if not= will still give God thanks for a life singularly rich in blessed experience, & sweet & long-enduring friendships, among which let me number yours as one of the dearest. — What a good Governor you are to send me a short kind word from Cowes! Fortunate to get into № 365, or № Forty seven. By this time I suppose you are "haly-seas over" (in one sense or another!) God luck to you.

Sic te diva potens Cypri
Sic fratres Helenae lucida Sidera,
Ventorumque regat Pater.

Horace Odes I. 3, Virgil. Obstrictus aliis praeter Iapyga
Navis, quae tibi creditum
Debes Lymanium, finibus Americis
Reddas incolumem precor,
Et serves animae dimidium meae.

What is Paris with its civilization to Jamaica Plain, and the "Placens uxor." I have letters from Rome to 28th ult. Please ask Manley to present my letter of resignation to the Parish: it must be done, sooner the better. Love to you and yours from me and mine. Write me about poor Russell — his fate is worse than mine.

Faithfully. T. P.

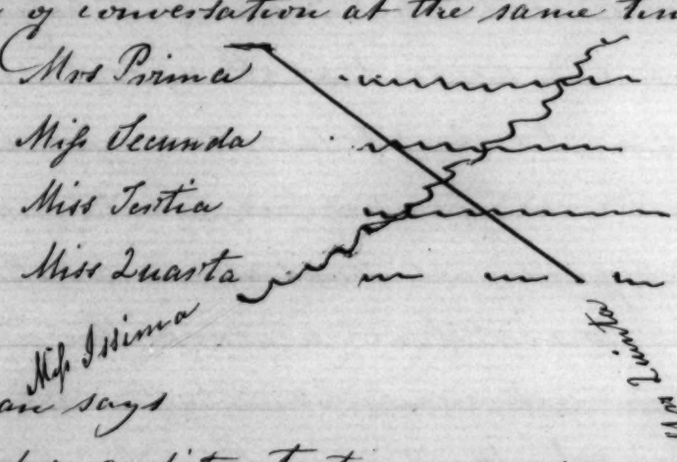
Lyman J.

Rome 29 October. 1859.

This letter Oh Governor will be carried to America by a Mr Adger – son of Hon. John Adger of Charleston South Carolina. – a sort of Presbyterian minister – i.e an amateur in that line. I dont know that I have any news to tell you; at Rome indeed they think the old is better. I don't know how the People find out what is going on here – the Giornale di Roma – if that is its title, tells you only, that "S. E. Cardinal Stultodannato visited the church of St Lorenzo in Lucina; or that "a coin of the Emperor Diocletian was found on the 31st of August in the excavations now making near the via Appia nuova, under the direction of his Rev. Barba- = rissimo," &c. It is only in the French and English Papers we learn what is taking place here. I have seen a few things of interest – being occupied chiefly in making ready for my winter's work – out of doors and indoors. But I have not yet seen the Popes Bull – (If I were in America – I should say his Short-horn, but you won't read the letter aloud in the presence of ladies.) How I miss you: if you were here I make no doubt that in your capacity as Governor you would call on his Holiness and get him to trot his Bull out that we might see him. Perhaps he has gone to grass now – yet I saw a large load of hay go into the Esquiline stables yesterday – I thought it was for the Pope's Bull – and peeked through the doors, but did not see the Beast – Perhaps he is kept-

as secret as the Egyptian Bull Apis.

[Do you know how demoralizing it is to associate wholly or chiefly with women — even with superior women! Their attention is devoted chiefly to such frivolous things, and they talk of them in such a frivolous manner. Then they interrupt you so (and each other) and carry on several strata of conversation at the same time, thus:



A modest man says

Semper auditor tantum, nunquam ne reponam.

But he will not — if he is a wise man. — — Since the cough has made me a silent man — I never was before since early youth — I have had opportunities to observe men and women as never before; and have learned many things. Amongst others the profound difference between the masculine and the feminine mind — the inherent frivolity of the latter — even in the ablest headed of the sex. God made the two for quite different functions, and furnished them accordingly. No doubt woman — even in New England is now deprived of some of her natural rights, and I shall always seek to restore them to her — But I shall be a little afraid of any more logical deduction from an assumed first principle of Politics or Morals

which runs counter to the common sense and common experience of Mankind. But the weak point of Woman is not her intellect – it is her temper – her tendency to jealousy, resentment, suspicion, hatred. I think there is no hatred so unforgiving as a woman's. Is this the effect of culture, or the result of uncontrollable Nature! Ministers among the more ignorant classes say – they can reconcile men who quarrel – not women. If half the United States Senate were women – would that Body be less quarrelsome! It may be one half would convert the other – joints of two metals work best, you know in machinery; – but if the Senate were all women "From envy and malice and all uncharitableness good Lord deliver us – save us good Lord" would be the natural prayer] – – –

You have got nearly home by this time – on your 10th day out from Cowes! Won't your Wife be glad to see you – and your Mother. Remember me to them both. I have letters from Boston to Oct. 6th – but no news – I reckon this will reach you about Thanksgiving time which I think will be November 24th when we also shall have a Turkey like other Yankees – Yours will be roasted by a (St Bernard) Snowstorm. By the way did you open my Boy and take out your Book – the Copy of My last Book for you; – if not it is in it now – and one for Dr. Bigelow and another for Crane.

Good bye

T. P.

all the households send love to all – When my Boy is opened, please take the little daguerreotype (from London) & Keep it in memoriam. My has attained heroic dimensions.

Lyman J

Rome 10. December. 1859.

c

Oh best of Governors. Your letter of 18th ult. came swiftly to hand and relieved my anxiety (which was getting to be strong) lest you were sick, or some ailment had befallen your family. But the letter puts me at ease. Here I am rather rich in newspapers. The banker (Freeborn) takes the Herald and Times, Apthorp has the Standard and weekly Transcript. Stray numbers of the Liberator come now & then to me, as well as the Atlas and Bee from time to time. Besides we take Galignani and can always see the London Times. So all the details of the Harpers Ferry affair are soon made known to us, and we see how the Slaveholders hold their "Bloody Assizes" in Virginia! Well, the worse they behave the better for us and ours. This is the ἀρχὴ τῶν ὠδίνων - the beginning of Birth-pains; the End is far enough away. How often I have wished I was in my old place and at my old work. But I too should have had to straighten a rope or else to fling off, no doubt, for it is not likely I could have kept out of harm's way in Boston. I sent a little letter to Francis Jackson touching the matter which he will show you perhaps. Wendell said brave things, but also some rash and foolish ones, which I am sorry for - but the whole was noble. Beecher is faithful to his clerical instinct of cunning, not his personal, of Humanity; I read his Sermon with disgust, and Fatherless with pain. Noble, brave Garrison is true to himself as always and says, "I am a

Lyman J.

non-resistant and could not pull a trigger to free 4 000 000 men. But Captain Brown in his fighting is faithful to his conscience as I to mine, and acted as nobly as Cromwell and Fayette and Washington; yes nobler— for his act was pure Philanthropy. All honor to the fighting Saint— now he is also a Martyr!" That is the short of what the Liberator says.— I did not quite like Howe's Letter: one of the detective police would read in it that Howe was deeply implicated in both of Brown's expeditions. I wonder if I shall not see him here before winter is over!— I hope Sumner is at work in Congress, and sound and well. Who is there except him to say a brave word in Washington! Only Seward and Adams (A. I take it does not look for the Presidency— yet, at least not for it in 1860!) But let these things pass now.— — The 28th did not accept my resignation, but made me handsome resolutions. Perhaps it is better so; yet sure I am that my preaching days are all over and left behind me, even if my writing and breathing time continue, which I think will not last long. I do all I can to live, but make all my calculations for a (not remote) termination of my work here. I buy no Books except such as are indispensable to keep me from eating my own head off. Baronius' Historia Ecclesiae with Spondanus' and Raynaldus' continuations, and the annuals of Prgidaux in 38 splendid Folios (Ed. Lucca) best Edition was sold at auction day before yesterday for $99. I did not give the $100th— though I have hunted for it these 15 years. What

Lyman J.

has a dead man to do with Baronius and other great Books.

Miss Cushman is here – and very kind to me, the Storys, – most hospitable people as well as entertaining; we all dined there on Thanksgiving day. Dr Appleton (of Boston) has helped me to many things. I have seen Mrs Crawford, and of course all the American artists, – painters & sculptors. – The Brownings came a few days ago, and I have seen them both. I like her much; He too seems a good fellow, full of life: intense Italians are they both. Mrs Howe's calumnious fling at E. B. B. is wholly uncalled for. By the way, at a proper time please tell Mrs Howe that "Can grande sends his compliments to Cagna grandissima, with all manner of good wishes." I read her cagnara in the Atlantic about me and mine with appropriate reflections. I leave it for others to caper on the coffin lid of their friends. – – I wrote Russell a letter soon as I heard of his illness, but none has answered yet. Please, Governor, tell me all about him and his. I have John S. Sargent's "Crisis of Unitarianism" &c, he is a good fellow, but a little jealous and querulous, a little old-maidish. Yet he says some just things and says them well. Really he bore the burthen in the heat of the day, and has no outward reward. "Be to his faults a little kind" &c.

Poor Desor has been quite sick – for more than 4 weeks; had the Rheumatism, Urticaria and several other maladies all at once. I fear he won't go with me to Naples, whither I shall not venture alone. Here I find plenty of amusement in studying the Architecture, Topography & History of Rome.

Lyman J.

But I should like to see a great strong spunky man; it would be refreshing to hear somebody swear. Society of Romans is debilitating — very! All mine send their salutations to all yours. (Do tell me about Fanny!) Remember me to the Faithful — Tell me all the news — political in special which you get the hang of, so well. How is Downer! How did the extra Session of the Legislature behave — and the (young!) Daily Advertiser!

Good bye.

Theodore Parker.

Rome 13th Janry 1860. (Poste restante)

2

Oh best of Governors! your letter of 15th ult mailed at New York the 17th came to me Janry 3 — what a swift passage! It will be a month before you get this I fear. The enclosures from the Standard were sad enough, as you suggested, but yet were full of encouragement — How admirably all these things turn out! I feel about Brown as you — perhaps we both have the same reason for it — and it made me sleepless and sick to think of his fate, and that more difficult to bear, of the women who suffer most in this matter. But you can't make a noble martyr out of an ignoble man

Latin quotation not decipherable.

We want the most precious manhood for that high service. How grandly the brave old man bore

Lyman J.

himself; what a deportment at the attack on the Arsenal, at the trial, in the Jail, on the Scaffold! It is not once in many ages we get sight of such a Spectacle! No American has such a chance for fame - for mere earthly immortality. It was good too that he came of such a lineage - right out of the heart of New England, a plain man, with a common education, hard-working and intelligent, very thoughtful and a little silent, not talking out but working out his great schemes; and descended from a Rev. Captain, and a Pilgrim in the Mayflower. That is to come of the Aristocratic Blood of New England, - a little different from the Snobs who have nothing but yesterday's money to base their social rank upon! How admirably our best men have behaved - Garrison, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Wendell Phillips (surpassing himself, the noble man and dropping all extravagance at just the time when even a plain statement seems expressive panegyric to an outsider.) How well Whelock spoke at the Music Hall! The Standing Committee have had a most difficult task to perform to fill the pulpit there, when the men are so few. I am astonished that they have done so well. They have had but one humbug there that I have heard of, and he shot his fools bolt before I left home. It was my fault that they asked Shackford - and valueless as ecclesiastical ceremonies are, he proved that he was not worth ordaining. It is well enough to have Beecher come - if he plays the Jesuit he does it on a high Stage and only to his detriment, not ours. But if he prove worthy of the invitation then we shall all be thankful. There is a streak of the Devil in all the Beechers.

Lyman ? Latin quotation, not deciphered.

I am surprized the Committee could find so much moral talent united with so much intellectual, and directed to such good ends. The danger is that they should now and then be humbugged by an Adventurer who will offer his services. Some have done so already, one of them an eminent humbug.

Of course you know the state of things in Rome almost as soon as I do – I get the Roman news via London and Paris. You see the state of Finances. Receipts 1859. $14,447,950. Expenses $15,055,547. + sinking fund $100,000. = 15,155,547. Deficit, 707,597! Now for 1860 the war budget is $400,000 more than for 1859. The Interest on public debt is $200,000 more than before, and the receipts (in the revolt of the Romagna) are $400,000 a month less than last winter! I think of only one way the Pope can borrow money, he has but one security to offer – i.e to lodge the Nuns as collateral with the lenders! – they talk about his quarrelling with the French Emperor, but Louis Napoleon has him by the neck already. It is not quite safe to quarrel with an Emperor who has 10,000 Soldiers in your Capital and can blow you up in a minute. In 1852 some one said, Louis Napoleon, has three great Passions – (1) Desire of Power; (2) Desire of military Fame (La Gloire); & (3) To right the wrongs of Italy! that was a pretty good prophetic hit. – – I have never yet had

Lyman J.

a satisfactory account of my old Friend and Neighbor S. R. Russell - his daughter's letter told me little. Pray let me know how he is - and what his chief ailments are. It seems hard to lose the services of so fair and honest a man. Please ask Mrs Russell to pray E. P. Peabody to send her all my letters to the said E. P. P. - Mrs R - will perhaps keep them till I come home - "or something" as the man said of his wife. "I wish she would get well - or something."

The weather continues bad - cloudy, windy, rainy, but not cold. I saw the Pyrus Japonica in blossom today in the Open air! the glass has not gone below 25° at sunrise - it is commonly 38-50. I don't know that I am better or worse than when I left you at Thun - so there is not much change. Cough has been much worse - but is now better again - "So I go up up up, and then down, down, down" There is not much that is enlivening in Rome - I am out of doors all the best parts of the fine days - and as much as is safe of the foul ones. There have been but 6 which kept me in all day, - 6 out of more than 80. I tried the Cod-liver Oil, but after 1 1/2 bottles had to give it up; it would not digest in six hours, and made me sad and melancholy; I am to try Asses Milk next, and may touch the hypophos-phites - but have small confidence in Medecine, much in Air, exercise & cheerful company. George Bemis is here - a real good fellow; Dr Frothingham came from Naples yesterday. Story has fine talent as an artist - and now works at his Sculpture. I feel quite grateful to him and his. Bear and

Lyman J

H. are well – both send love to the Governor. So do I and a deal of it. 7½ French grammes is single postage, costs 32 cents. Newspapers cost 6. s. or 12

Ever yours
J. P.

What a shame you are sick. You ought to be here!

Roma. First Sunday before Lent. A.S. 1860
(Feb 12)
C

My dear Governor. Yours of Jan^ry 6-y came here 21^th, ult^o and that of 21^th slipped into my hands the 13^th inst. Many thanks for two such long thorough and profound letters; the view you take of American politics is well-considered and seems just in all respects but one. I think when the Republicans get the federal power they will have to knock some turbulent little foolish state on the head. I wish it may not be so but fear it must. I can't think the southern spunk is all to end in bluster and no heads broke. I don't feel so sanguine about a Republican victory in 1860 as I did in 1856 that we should then conquer, or as I did five or six months ago: the men are too cowardly, and are disposed to repudiate their ablest leader – Seward is the greatest American name in politics just now, and worthily a Representative man. Yet it does not surprize me that

Lyman J.

Wilson, who was always something of the Dugald Dalgetty soldier, should want the Hon. Mr. Nobody of Nowhere for Candidate. I am thankful that about 40 days of the session have passed by and so little harm done – none but the appointment of the Senate Committee. Howe wrote me (24 ult, with nowhere for place) announcing that a sub-pœna was out for him and how he avoided it, and what he intended to do. Hey but Sanborn who also wrote me on the 21. ult. and reported his arrangements. I feel quite anxious still for them both.

I was glad to learn from you and the Dr about the Cagnino which La Cagna grandissima has published – the one veracious Note of her Trip to Cuba. I am glad to hear she "has just enough of every thing, and the Baby is doing very well!" – Here we are in the midst of Carnival – only it ceases on Fridays and Sundays. When I was here before, the Corso – its head quarters of display – made a famous figure, with two rows of two-horse carriages the whole length – say a mile and a half. But this year the People are out of humor with the Pope – with him and his, and dont like to rejoice, especially as 5000 or 6000 soldiers are within trumpet call of their play-ground the Corso. They say it is not the Carnival, it is an Execution, (Giustizia). So on the first day of the Carnival there were only 18 Coaches in the street – all those belonging to foreigners. Thursday last was one of the great show days, but there were only about 50-70 coaches there – while about 600 full of Roman People, paraded at the Porta

Lyman J.

Pia – which has no connexion with the Carnival. On Friday (a fast day of course) there was to be no festivity; but at the appropriate hour 3–4 P.M. about 200 coaches paraded the Corso – "Do you bite your thumb at me, Gentleman says the Pope: the People ask their Advisers – "Is the Law on our side if we say Aye," and are told "It is not". Then they say – "No, Holiness! But we bite our thumb!" Poor old Pope – down he must go. Fifty years ago the Pope seemed as ready to perish; but then he had the Public Opinion of Europe on his side, – save only the Reformers ex professo. Now that Public Opinion is yet more decidedly on the other side, – save only the incorrigible old Fogies who should have died before they were born – for they come out of due season. One of these days – if I don't find it too burthensome – I will write you a word or two on the Politics of Europe – especially of Italy. But I was struck with the Anti-American answer of an American Authoress when some one asked her the other day if she "had written any thing for publication on Italian affairs!" (She has been in Italy since the beginning of January!) And she said, no – she had not, she "meant to, but thought she would wait and try to understand Italian Politics a little first!" I think she must not be allowed to print in any Magazine in New England hereafter. — News has just come to me that Sanborn has taken steam for Europe; I doubt it, but shall not write him this next mail – lest it prove true. Mrs Beecher-Stowe is here – with two (twin) daughters and a son. I have not seen her yet – But Rev. Dr.

Lyman J

Beecher's Daughter leads a gay life- renting rooms at $150 a month, and keping a coach at $120 a month, attending the Opera, and the Theatre. She was at a masked ball one night last week - a friend of mine "just her through" it did not begin till XII Midnight and ended at IV A. M. She took hold like a hungry fish. What will they say at the Old South! "Tell it not at Park Street

Publish it not in the church of Old Beecher's
that the Beauty of Andover is fallen upon
the high places."

As She herself happily quotes Scripture "If the foundation be removed what shall the righteous do!" I rejoice in all this, and wish she went to some frolic every night, and sang, "We won't go home till morning boys" &c. Let the good woman have a good time. - I am glad she earned the honest money for such appropriate pleasure. Frothingham (N. L. DD) is here with his wife and two daughters - he often comes to look after me in an evening - but is as fond of the play as Mrs Stowe - he likes not sight seeing, and finds the Crypts of the Churches and the Catacombs of St Calixtus "damn(p) old places!" Ash Wednesday will be soon upon the Covers of June, bringing a whole lent of affliction - for the theatres are all shut and the city affects to fast. Nay, it is a sad-faced city and many in it fast always. The great mass of the people look ill-fed. Indeed their best food is macaroni with a little cheese or (poor)

Lyman J.

salt fish; the Staple is herbaceous vegetables turnips. Cabbage in many forms, Gobbi, a watery sort of a plant which only amuses the stomach- but is fit only to feed a big-bellied Jackass. They are a good-natured, patient, much-enduring population, singularly temperate in meats, drinks, clothes and feed. I know they will lie, and cheat, and "there is no Truth in them"; but I have a sort of liking for the poor creatures. They have little vitality- and die under the grippe and other complaints which a well-fed, red-blooded Yankee or Englishman would walk square through. I think the average age of the people in Rome is 1/3 less than in London and Paris. "Insufficient Alimentation"- as "mi Brother" would say- explains it in part. Ah Governor: "Sine Cerere et Bacho" a good deal dies along with Dame Venus: man was meant to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, but also to feed on the fat of the land- alas for him when he dont!- In the time of the great jubilee- A. D. 1300 when for months there were 200,000 pilgrims in Rome and Pope Boniface VIII had two Priests standing in (the Old) St Peters with rakes in their hands raking in the gold money thrown down as votive offerings and pious gifts, this multitude of strangers found abundant supplies of provision, except hay for their horses. Hence I infer that the environs of Rome were better tilled then, than now, when hay alone is abundant, and of course the population more numerous. It is melancholy to be

Lyman J.

here- to think of the Then of old magnificence, the Now of present decrepitude, and the dark bank of Future which lies in the West and hangs over the city. Yet it is not so hard a problem that Rome has to solve as America has before her. By the way, I am glad you liked my letter to Francis Jackson. It cost my poor sick head more trouble than it used to make a great long solid speech. But a sick man is sick all over. It pains me to read what Howe writes about your health,- unless indeed you prefer a bed to a trip to Canada or parts unknown as I sometimes fancy- You did not stay long enough with me. Just pack up your Kit and take the 1st May Boat and meet me in Milan or Venice or Vienna and I will bring you home safe and sound in September. It wont do for you to keep house and bed all winter; it might for me, condemned as unworthy after a "Survey" of Doctors. Yet I keep the sea- tho' I pitch off badly in foul weather. Dessor will come before March 1, I trust, and go with me to Naples. I mean to seduce him to the North of Italy and if possible to Vienna. He is an admirable companion and is a MAN- and I can learn something from him daily. It is fortunate life lies behind me and there is nothing (earthly) before- for my time goes by as unprofitable as in listening to spiritual rappings, goes by and hears nothing. By the way there is a famous English Writer here who has "seen the spiritual hand." Do you want to know

more of that writer! Sir Thomas More believed in Trans-
-substantiation. Let us thank God for what little rays of
light any body gives us out of whatever dark lantern, but-
not-expect a single mortal to have the Sun under her
Crinoline.— I have no very good things to write
about myself: the Apothecaries are sick— (1) Mrs Hunt rolled
out of bed last November - and sprained her wrist— and
so was laid up all winter. (2) Mrs A. had the Nettle-
rash and then a bad cough— and both of the maladies
continue. They have had three doctors one of whom is yet
in attendance— (3) Miss H. you know is a perpetual
ailment, does nothing and goes nowhere, but has had no
Doctor for 4 or 5 years. Willie (with a Riding master to
teach him horsemanship in a circus, and a groom to
keep his horse from running from under him in the
streets, with a drawing master, and a (sitting) master
in French to teach him at home, and another (walking)
French master to teach the language peripatetically)
learns as only Sons always do, and none others can. Thank
God you and I had brothers and sisters. Cave Paren-
-tes unius Filii. Mrs Browning also has an
only son who is dressed like a page of the 16th Century
and rides a Pony with a groom to hold him on.
It is a funny world— a funny world Governor. It is
curious to see what Elements men select for education
in their children. Miss Dracæna Draco Diddledid-
-dledidle— an American lady (!) - i.e "ornamental

Lyman J.

Female, and uselefs," has learned to read, write &c, and has the general run of such literature as every body knows, but her chief accomplishment is Talk; and such talk.

"At every word a reputation dies,"

quick-witted, bright, idle-minded, selfish-hearted yet with a ready intelligence, she has hardly strength enough to turn out a pot of tea, and is quite incapable to bring in the sticks, and make the fire and boil the kettle. Her life is a strenuous idleness — with but one labour in it —

"Her only labour is to kill the time
And labour dire it is and weary woe.
She sits, she lolls, turns o'er some idle rhyme,
Then sudden rising to the glass will go,
Then saunters forth with tottering steps & slow;
This soon too rude an exercise she'll find,
Strait on the couch her limbs supine she'll throw.
Where hour on hour she'll sighing lie reclined,
Or count the vapours God, soft breathing in the wind."

But her education has made her just what she is — a thin dry stick to distend a crinoline upon — and hang other finery. She must be a Lady — that was the idea, an ornamental uselefs female! Educate the power of work and self-help, and your boy is laborious and self-helpful: Cultivate the disposition to be idle, to dawdle over book or work or play, to indulge in luxuries and be waited on, and you get qualities to correspond. Want or Necessity is a better Schoolmaster than we sometimes

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fancy. "Magister artium primus erat Venter"; et est et fuit, I may add. It is a fortunate thing that while Necessity controls the culture of the great mass of men the common virtues— industry, self-help, thrift, providence &c are compulsory studies which few can neglect. It is sad to see means of high culture wasted, and a fine nature which might become a useful servant to mankind made to shrink into a mere dilettanti— which is but an Italian word for an English drone. — — I like much what you said about the mode of improving the laws and politi=cal institutions of the United States. I have often thought of that scheme of asking the Judges to tell what defects they found in the law, or what redundancies. Judge Jackson was one of the Committee that revised the Statutes in 1837— and as a judge of large experience, had valuable things to suggest— and as he sat in the gallery of the House of Repre=sentatives, during the discussion of his work, he could explain the working of laws as he had found them. It then seemed to me it would be well to ask all the judges each year to tell how the mill worked in their hands and what alteration they would like. But your other suggestion is new to me— viz. that a Statute should declare that no decision of a court should foreclose the question for the future. It is highly important to limit that old rule Stare decisis which perpetuates the ill while it helps to preserve accidental good also. — I wish we had

Lyman J.

some Journal devoted to Political Science which should give us an article on each Session of every legislature in America, and tell what good and ill there was in its new work: it might attend also to the legislation of other countries. But I suppose there is not intellectual or moral talent in our people for such a work — to produce or to appreciate it. So we must stumble along in the dark. Did you ever read M. Comte's "Traité sur la Legislation"? It is a very thoughtful book. I have studied it a good deal. He aims to examine and appreciate the causes under which mankind advances, remains stationary, or retrogrades, and it is divided into so many books. It is a rare work in America I fear — but I have the Bruxelles reprint of it — a large octavo in green paper on the shelf at the right hand of the North fire-place in my study — I think on the 3d shelf from the floor — if not there it is in the neighborhood. Thanks you for the extracts — that of Cromwell is new to me — so that about Pitt; the one from Napoleon I have a use for — I read the Book once with much instruction. — What a letter I have written you! I did not mean to; it wrote itself. — My Household and the A's & H's send their regards to you and yours. Lay a little the most stress on mine, tho' they did not come from Northampton! — Mr Ellis was fortunate to pass off so quick and painless — while poor Russell lingers and lingers for nought

Lyman J.

on earth.

Heartily & affectionately & thankfully. yours
Theodore Parker.

Your silver whistle reached Detroit safely; he admires it much. So the Box of tools I sent him - got there safe - and are much admired.

I intend to leave Rome for Siena, Pisa and Florence, about April 20, and stay at Florence till 10th or 15th May, thence to Milan and Venice and Germany. After March 25th direct to me at Florence. Poste restante.

This letter contains so much trash it will hardly do to show it to any but the Elect - whom it is not possible to deceive.

Lyman J.

Rome March 10th 1860.

C

Oh Governor Yours of January 24th came to hand February 13th, and that of 7th ult on the 28th. Since then to wit: March 6th I had one from F. B. Sanborn of 12-13 February, and a line from Manley. Newspapers rather fail us just now for the Government stops the continental journals, keeps them two or three days, and sometimes delivers them with the offensive matter cut out. Thus the London Athenaeum came a few days ago, with 8 pages snipped away. The Poor old Pope feels bad; he means to be a demonstration martyr, and he may be yet, but never a saint — he is too rough and violent for that. Really he is in a tight place; one day 30,000 Romans absented themselves from the Corso, and seceded to Porta Pia — their Mons Sacer, — as a demonstration that they would not keep the carnival as the Government wished. An Englishman had them counted. thirty thousand, nearly 1/5 of the population of the City. A little squadron of Dragoons stationed at the Ponte Molle, a mile or two out of the city, had some business in the interior, and trotted off in full marching order and liked the ride so well that they did not stop till they were safe in Tuscany "with their long sword, saddlebridle, whack row da dow." About half of the pontifical troops at Viterbo, about 40 miles from Rome, went off to Tuscany and have not since been heard from. Besides, a good part of the Papal revenue comes from the monopoly of Tobacco, and the

Lyman J

sale of lottery tickets. So the People have agreed to smoke no cigars and buy no lottery tickets. A country man in the streets was seen smoking a cigar - (Pipes are allowed, and it secures them no great tax on the miserable tobacco smoked in them) one of the proper "authorities" asked him who he was. "a contadino." was the reply, and he was told he had better not smoke any more in Rome! the government takes its (character-istic) revenge by allowing Thieves and Robbers to have pretty fair swing. Robberies are of frequent occurrence - thus Matthew's Friend Jo Hazard had his watch stolen from his pocket in the Corso at V. P. M. He collared the thief who however escaped, for tho' there were many French soldiers close at hand, none came to his help. The watch is worth $130. if he offers a reward of $100, he may get it; he has offered the Police $30. if they will restore it; when offenders - I mean robbers be are caught the punishment is only nominal. But it is no new thing for an Italian government to be in league with malefactors - Highwaymen and Assassins: it is an established custom of the land which some of the "wisest" of the Popes have kept up in fair practice. Just now all the science of the XIX century is against the Holy Catholic Church; so is the literature of the age and the public opinion of all enlightened men. Besides, all the pope's subjects hate him, they won't keep his Carnival, nor even smoke his cigars; and the foremost of all Catholic states tells him his temporal power must slide. Now, the Roman Catholic Church would go to the ground

Lyman J.

in a few centuries if there were any form of Religion to take its place. But there is none. Protestantism is Romanism without a Pope - Bishops and Presbyters are an aristocratic or Plebeian substitute - and without a church - for the Anglican church - the Prussian church, the Dutch church (and even the Dutch Reformed) do not make a church universal, nor could they give unity to Christendom. The Theology of Protestantism in its great Principle of the Authority of an infallible Revelation, which is a finality for God and man, is just as absurd as the Theology of Romanism; indeed the two are mainly identical. The Protestants broke with the authority of the Roman church, not with the absurdity of its Theology, and save the few breaches made in the dogma of the "Lord's Supper" by all the Protestants, in the Trinity by the unitarians, and in the doctrine of Hell by the universalists (Hosea Ballou preached the bottom out of Hell, and since his day, it can't be reckoned on, to hold fire and brimstone, and damnation.) the old Paulinian - Tertullianian - Athanasian - Augustinian - Calvinian fortress holds out firm as ever, with some modern "improvements" stuck on by Calvin, Turretin and other ecclesiastical engineers. Catholics can't blame Protestants; it would be much profit if they could, so far as mental emancipation from the Moral Law & false Theology is concerned tho' an immense gain in personal freedom and opportunity for progress. Certainly to an eye that looks over the history of the world in all

Lyman J.

ages past, it seems as if what is called Christianity – I mean that system of theological dogmas and ecclesiastical rites called by that name – was in much the same condition as Judaism and the Religion of the Greeks and Romans were at the birth of Jesus of Nazareth, and of course destined to share their fate – To be succeeded by some better scheme which also shall last its millenium and then give place to another. – There are 6 000 Priests in Rome and 2 000 Nuns. The Nuns I never see – some of the poor creatures "took the veil" the other day, and Protestants went to see their hair cut off! I should as soon go to an execution and see a man's head cut off. If there is a damnable institution on earth founded in the name of God it is compulsory celibacy of women; if the men take the unnatural vow they can break it and God be thanked they commonly do (Cardinal Antonelli is building a house close to me for his Mistress – a handsome and distinguished woman. The present Pope has not any, the old one had a house full of girls); but it is different with women – they must keep their loathsome vow for they are shut up in nunneries, as they call these jails, and watched over as rigidly as the convicts in the Massachusetts Statesprison – The Priests taken as a class are the best looking men in Rome. Some of them look "earthly, sensual, devilish", but the majority have mild gentle faces, not exactly thoughtful, but full of feeling, mystic and feminine. Some of the abbots faces are noble and beautiful – but generally they lack

Lyman J.

strength. A Dr. Grant- head of the Scotch College came to see me the other day- I had mistaken him for another Dr. Grant whom I knew in 1844, and so left a card; I quite fell in love with his mild, gentle, mystic face. The Catholic Church encourages that sort of character, but it discourages the firm manly mind which looks all things in the face and analyzes all to their legitimate principles. All the great thinkers and writers of Europe, for 300 years, have been Protestants- i.e non-Catholics. I doubt that the Roman Church ever produces another great man. Hereafter the great thinkers will be such as break with both Protestantism and Catholicism, and accept the limitations of neither: indeed it is so already, for I take it the great minds of the world have no belief in the ecclesiastical theology of Christendom, and when they comply with popular customs do it to keep the peace and avoid a bad name, which the Clergy tried to give Von Humboldt, and can succeed in fixing on almost any one they agree to hate, because he neglects their humbug. By and by things will change; little by little they are changing now. At length we shall see the masterly religious Element of nature furnished with Sentiments and Ideas suited to its development, and shall behold Actions of corresponding Sublimity and Beauty. I doubt that the enlightened nations will hereafter in the name of God build to "His Glory" great piles of wood and stone like St Peters, Notre Dame and Westminster Abbey; when the Religion of Nature is also that of the People they will see that religious

Lyman J

Architecture is composed of men and women builded into Families, Communities, States, Nations and a World. But I did not mean to preach you a sermon or write an "evangelical Letter" on the religious state of mankind. --- Mr. Winthrop is here - to recruit from his labors at home - They must be very exhausting - to preside at the Provident Aid, at the Historical Society, at the Vestry of Trinity Church. Poor Winthrop, with all that personal and family pride, and so much political ambition, after having been the favorite of Boston to come down to this! it is hard for the Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington and the (guber= =natorial) Senator to preside at the Provident - and the Historical

Latin quotation
Juvenal
X. 100 not decipherable.

Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas,
Et de mensa grus dicere, vasa minora
Frangere pannosus, vacuis aedilis Ulubris,

We attended a dinner party at Mr Stockton's on the 6th of March - why was it not on the ever memorable 7th of March! - and there were no Speeches. So the Union was not saved at Rome, only at Boston, New York, and diverse other places in America. By the way, the attempt to "dissolve the union" by the great State of South Carolina, with her 400,000 Negroes and her 300,000 whites does not seem to win favour with the other slave states. She may do as her mad cap politician J. C. Calhoun did (none ever less deserved the name of Statesman) take up his rifle & shot pouch & go over alone. But where is general Quattelbum! His name "would beget new soldiers", one of whom would chase a 1000 (like John Brown) and two [illegible] 10,000 to flight. Unhappy state of

Lyman J.

Mad Caps that lost its mad cap general! The external prosperity of the United States is amazing: we add 1,000,000 a year to our population (tho' I think the next census will show a smaller growth) and have trebled our exports in 14 years; in 1845 the exports were $117,000,000, in 1859 it was $353,000,000! I have no more expectation that we shall presently separate at the hint of some mad-cap from South Carolina, than I have that Scotland and England will go asunder on the question of free trade with France! I think some Northern President will yet have to take some one of the southern states by the scruff of the neck and the slack of the trousers and let it be understood that there is a Northern HAND to lay on refractory members and straighten them out a little. Senator Mason is more a fool than I thought before he exhibited himself at the head of his committee of investigation; he don't even know how to ask questions, and so elicits nothing. I learn, from the Tribune of February 18th that a Capias was gone out for Sanborn and the others. I wish Sanborn was safe through it all, but think he cannot rely on the courts of Massachusetts to secure him a Hab. Corp. John A. Andrew did well before the committee. --- Curious weather we have had here: it must have been after such a winter that Horace wrote,

Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae
Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces
Terruit urbem.

Lyman J.

But my Padrone says "Marzio è infanstomese" and the whole year, being the leap year, is also "infanstò." But before you get this I hope to be off for Naples with Desor, and in better weather. At first sickness is a little interesting to a new comer. There are new sensations which come and go, the intellectual phenomena are curious - and worth studying - the morbid or helping clear up the sound anatomy. The world is all changed in such a new relation, that of dependance and feebleness instead of self-help. Your friends are so attentive and kind that you get a foretaste of that Paradise "where the wicked cease from troubling." But after a while the sick man has read that Book through and wants something more and better: he finds himself a <u>bore</u> and a <u>nuisance</u> and wishes he might be cured or something; at any rate he wants the nuisance <u>abated</u>. I am in about that condition. I fear sickness has little instruction to offer, tho' I fear much torture to inflict, before I shuffle off this mortal coil - Remember me and mine kindly to you and yours. How is the good steed Fanny! Have you read Darwin's new Book! Martineau's translation of Gregorovius's Island of Corsica has interesting things in it; it has been reprinted in America; I knew the queer German author. I fear it is true that Buckle has been prosecuted for blasphemy, the English Law is

Faithfully yours Theodore Parker.

Story's statue of Quincy is admirable.

Let Manley have this. Some of the other contained private matter.

Please send the long letter to Wm. P. Atkinson Cambridge; the short to Phebe Gannon, at Mendell Plantation!

Rome April 4th, 1860

Oh. Governor, Here we still are and no Desor to take me away to Naples, and even no letter to tell why he is not here; I fear he is sick and the wicked government has miscarried his letter (one came since I wrote the above and he promises to be here "on the early days of April" - which means in German May 1 to IV.) I hate to write sad things, but once in a while one must, especially for the private ear of his Governor, so pardon me if I tell you that I think it is pretty near all over with me. I may just get home, and to accomplish that and save my wife trouble I now lay out to be in Boston in the early part of July 5th to 15th. I should like to avoid "the glorious Fourth" and leave it to Hon. Isaac York Wright and other (windy) gentlemen of that stripe. I tried to write you a line for the last mail (March 31) but it would not go, so I let it slide, and shall make but a poor thing out of this. Rome has used me as I thought it - not kindly; when the cold weather came on, in November it braced me up, but made me cough as much as in a day as I used to when we parted in a week. That cough continued all the winter unabated and unabatable - tho' with some mitigation of the former dangerous symptoms; now the mild weather comes, the cough continues, nay, perhaps increases while weight and strength go down - I think I do not weigh more than 130 or 135 English pounds. We shall go to

Lyman J

Florence by vettura - and stay there awhile, say till May 10 or 20. Thence if I am well enough we shall take a Vettura to Genoa - the ride from Florence to Genoa is very fine; - but if not shall take Steam-boat from Leghorn to Marseilles, thence Rail to Paris and so reach England in time for a steamer about July 1. Mrs Stowe and the Apthorps will come home about that same time. Hannah thinks of sailing from Paris, perhaps in May. - (She has already left us for Florence) You will ask why I went to Rome expecting such results, or - at least - fearing them. Oh Governor there has been an inexorable Fate which has controled me ever since I left America; the logical consequences of which I could control no more than gravitation! If I live to get home I will tell you what I do not wish to write; and if I faint by the way Apthorp will tell you what I told him. To this Inexorable Fate you may set down my death; without it I think I might have had 10 or 20 years of not inactive life. Now it will soon be over - and you had better wish me a speedy and painless deliverance - for "my life is as tedious as a twice told tale"
"vexing the dull ear of a sleepy man",
and I would rather finish it this week than next.

My journey to Europe hygienically is a terrible failure and aesthetically it is equally so - this latter and a good deal of the former must be set down to the bitter hatred between — and the 3 female —— it began in America 7

Hyman J.

years ago between _____ in which I think there ___ was wholly in the wrong, but it broke out anew at Montreux, and at Rome from Jan^ry 4^th till now. ___ has not been into the _____ rooms! Ubi Feminae ibi querulae. I hope you don't know the devilish side of woman! the Greek satirists were right!

Add this to the Memorandum I gave you for Manley - omit all the names of Persons. J. T. S - he has since written bad things of the 28^th - J. F. C & W. P. but sing (in addition to those named) Norton's "My God I thank thee" &c. Norton hated me and ill treated me, but his hymn is fine.

T. P.

Yesterday (March 31) with Dr Appleton we all rode out to Frascati about 12 miles off, and then to Tusculum, I on a jackass the rest on thanks mare. The day was fine, the expedition successful in all respects - and we had as good a time as a party can with a sick man in it. Cicero had a splendid place out there, but he got less inspi= =ration from it than R W. Emerson from a plain wooden house at Concord. Cicero was a great man - with all his many weaknesses. I always feel a mingling of pity and veneration for "the last great man whom Rome never feared." I have studied the Philosophy of Roman history somewhat more minutely than before and think I have got the hang of the People and their institutions. They were coarse, material, warlike but energetic and

fact or Will. They invented nothing. What Virgil makes Anchises say

Latin quotation not deciphered

Equedent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, coelique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent
Aeneid. VI. 848-851

I wish what follows were as true,

ditto

Hae tibi erunt artes,—pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

This they never did. It is instructive to see how all their political trouble? followed as the logical necessity of their first principles. It is just so in the United States today— when the Federal Government undertook to capture fugitive slaves by its own arm in 1793 it acknowledged the Right of man to own Property in men as much as in land and things, and as it did not offer to recover other run-away property, it actually declared this peculiarly worthy of executive protection. From this first principle all subsequent slave legislation has proceeded with inevitable logic, and much more will.— In January I began to write you a long elaborate letter on the great Problem of American Politics— to establish an industrial Democracy in America; and its 2 questions— immediate, proximate and ultimate, i.e 1. shall the Party who claims that man can be the Property of man continue to wield the

Hyman J.

Federal Power! 2. shall ~~it~~ that doctrine be allowed to develope itself in any individual State! But I shall never be well enough to do it. Seward's speech is able, statesman-like wide-looking; but it shows two things: 1, he is satisfied the Republic has fallen back since 1858; 2, that he will accommodate himself to that low standard to gain votes for the Presidency. How much have our colleges to answer for in debasing the moral instincts of young men. Felton will do it at Cambridge, as Nott at Schenectady - May God forgive them. But "woe unto him that causeth one of these little ones to offend" &c. Good bye and God bless you.

T. P.

Who is so fit a man as the Governor to edit the Remains of T. P.! Will you look over my Papers some time and do it! It is the last favor!

Lyman J.

Rome 14 April 1860

c

At last, ole Governor, I can write you good news – Desor has come! been here since Tuesday; but for the storms he would have been here on Sunday. He was never better – so big, with such a chest and arms and legs! why it made me feel strong (for a minute) only to look at him. He dined with us Tuesday and Wednesday, but it wears on me a little too much, even to have him all day and then I go tired to bed and get up not refreshed in the morning; so for his sake and mine (for I only talk in a whisper) he dined at his own hotel for the last two days. He will tell you I suppose how he finds me, and perhaps will give a more faithful report than I can. – We intend to leave Rome on Saturday 21 April in a Vettura, with Dr Appleton and his wife and Desor; we shall have a whole carriage with one spare seat, to ourselves; shall go by Perugia and be about 6 days in overcoming 150 miles. It looks quite feasible. Then we intend to follow the Spring into Switzerland. But who knows what a day shall bring forth! My 6 months residence at Rome was unavoidable the inexorable FATE compelled it. The Hygienic result is a large negative quantity; the Aesthetic is equal to Zero. But Story has made a fine bust of me – tomorrow it will be put into plaster. My wife and Miss S – think the likeness perfect – and they are perhaps the best judges. I shall send home a cast and you can judge of that –

it may reach there before my wife does, in which case perhaps Manley will set it on his shelf, and my special friends look upon it.— I will not try and tell you Roman news which come to me over the tongues of women who seldom hear what is told them, do not remember correctly, and indulge in that figure of speech, exaggeration. Rejoice with me that I seem so near the end of residence at Rome! how near I am I know not, but I think I can see through now- and have the fatal 120 stairs to mount only 7 times more! I can comprehend the treadmill now.- I mean to write you a word or two on the looks of America across the sea, but perhaps had better use my time and weakness in putting down some few things of my early history, which one day you will kindly use. I meant to write a full little history of little life till 21, but as I never could write in foul dark weather, so was it irksome to think of it in such health as I have long had. So I have got only 10 or 20 of introductory matter- touching the circumstances and men about me at birth. But my early story no man can tell save me and I shall use up my time on that- from my first year to the 21st But I may bring little to pass.— I will try and not write more sad things, if you will excuse these. He is at Florence- rather dark I think.

Yours faithfully,
J. P.

(Please forward the enclosed to Manley)

Ellis C.

To Charles Ellis Esq. Richmond Virginia.

Boston Jan 7 1. 1853.

My dear Mr Ellis,

I meant to have written you a line last night — that is about XII, to send you the New-Year's greeting which you know the hearts of all us here send forth to all of you. But alas, XII o'clock came a little too quick — and found me a little too tired. So in the afternoon I send you the Happy New-Year. — I know you once in a while think of the audience at the Music Hall; nay sometimes of the Speaker. Today it has snowed hard all the morning, the snow was about four feet deep in Exeter Place before: there were not many at meeting, 400 or 500 perhaps, not more, and I had to preach a poor sermon — "Of overcoming the world" — (1. John V. 4.) For I had been absent all the week — lecturing in Connecticut, New Jersey and New York, and did not reach home till Saturday noon, (It took 28½ hours to get from New York to Boston. The cars all were stopped in the snow-banks between Framingham and Boston) and at VII P. M, there was not a line written. I did the best I could under the circumstances.

I must not omit to tell you that on Christmas day a Piano came to our House. You knew about it before, but I did not — until it appeared on its four legs in the parlor. We soon had it discoursing sweet music — to voices which sung English, French,

Ellis C.

German and Italian. It is a great delight to us— But it makes me think of the time when Michael Servetus got no Piano-fortes for telling the Truth. This kind way of treating a heretic is a new thing. I once made up my mind to stump the United States on foot and preach my word to such as would hear it— under a tree, or in a School House or a Barn—, if I could find no better place. What would the difference have been in the spread of the Ideas!

You see how much I have written about myself— now do write as much about yourselves, tell me how you all are; next, what you do— how you pass your days, Sundays included; whom you see, and what you all talk about.

I wonder if you cannot now & then find some nice little bit of intelligence about Slavery or southern Politics which would help me in some work. I should like the Message of the Governor of South Carolina, if you can get it without trouble. We all send love to all— I shall send mine in special to each of you— Mrs E. Katie, and that other naughty girl, and to Mr. E. yourself.

Good-bye

J.

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Ellis C.

To the Same. Aiken South Carolina

Boston 28th March. 1853.

Dear Mr Ellis,

I miss your familiar face at the Music Hall a good deal more than you are aware. I have been so much in the habit of seeing you and your family under my eyes whenever I preach, that it seems odd not to find you in your place. Your absence reminds me often of what your presence has so many times brought to me — namely, how much I am indebted to you for years of sympathy and of kindly counsel, and of tender friendship. I dont often speak of such things to the men who call out such sentiments. I feel them not less because in silence.

We hear from you as often as you write, for I see Charles every few days, and the rest see Mary Jane also. I am glad that Catie is no worse; I feared that the journey, and the lack of comforts would weaken and wear her down a good deal. I trust the milder air of Carolina will do her the service which nature seems to call for and she will come back fresh, when the other blossoms have fallen from the Apple trees. I suppose you will not think of returning until the season of East winds is over. I wish I was with you — I want to see a southern country very much: then too I want to see a Slave country.

I got my sermon on Mr Webster out a

Ellis C.

few days ago, and should have sent it to you. But I know you too well to risk you in a slave state with such an incendiary in your hand, so I shall keep it for you when you return. I wish I could have painted a pleasanter picture of the great man. But alas, he left me no opportunity.

When you write to me – you had better write under cover to Charles, or drop the letter into the Box unseen, for I doubt that you would find it agreeable to be known to correspond with me.

Now give my best regards to all – i.e. to dear Mrs Ellis, and to your dear Katie, tell her to rejoice in the early Spring, and in all the pretty flowers it shakes out of its bosom. Perhaps she will send me one in a letter.

Good bye.

Yours affectionately

Mr. Ellis. Theo. Parker

Boston 20th Nov. 1853.

My dear Mr Ellis

Another Sunday morning has passed away without my seeing your face. As you have so long been not only a Friend to me, but a very dear and near Friend almost a Father, I can no longer keep from speaking to you with the pen while I cannot with the mouth. You take such an interest in what goes on at the Music Hall

that I must tell you last Sunday I preached on "The Good among Things evil, & its ultimate Triumph over them"; that was a continuation of one which you heard on "The Beautiful in Things homely, the Sublime in Things common, & the Eternal in Things daily & transient." Today, I spoke on "Love of God & its natural forms of Manifestation". This is only half of the whole, the rest is to follow on Thanksgiving day, "On the various Forms of Philanthropy which distinguish this age above all others."

Charles tells me all about you: the Rheumatism did not surprize me. I saw how much you felt and knew it would report itself in some ailment before long. I trust the dry air and fine weather of South Carolina will drive all the ache from your bones, and that Mrs E. and Katie and Mary Jane will banish all aches from your Heart. I was quite glad to hear through Charles how well they all were.

You have heard the result of the Election. I was surprized at it, for I thought we should carry the New Constitution by a small majority. But I am not very sorry at the result, and the more I think of it the less do I lament.

1. The convention was faulty in its nominees, Adam Mann, Palfrey, Stephen C. Phillips were left out. These are the four ablest Free-soilers in Mass,— powerful men, high minded men, not seekers for office. The Free-soilers could not entirely respect a convention which left out

Ellis C.

this array of talent and integrity. Then, there was not an Anti-Slavery man in the convention. The men who got up the convention did not want Palfrey or Mann, no attempt was made to elect them, not an Anti-Slavery man was proposed any where. The "leaders" would not think of such men as Phillips, or Garrison, or other men who go for abstract Right. Now there is a class in Massachusetts - not a large one - but one of a good deal of influence even now - who look up to men of Integrity and Principle and trust them. The convention had not much moral weight. Such men as Hallett as Butler of Lowell were Bawlers; nay such as Wilson - a good man, but an adventurer and Soldier of Fortune to some extent - and Sumner - a pure minded, well educated and really eloquent man - could not make up for the richer natures which were left out.

2. Then the convention did not trust the People; it was much more radical than its constitution. The leading men thought the District System was the only right one - but said "the People will not accept it." They thought that Judges ought to be elected by the People - but said "the People are not up to that." So was it with many things.* They lost confidence in the convention when they saw that the convention was not looking for Right but only for the available. I heard this said many times while the convention was in session, and told some of the leaders "If you dont trust

* Now there are men in Massachusetts who understand some things.

Ellis 6.

the Mind and Conscience of the People, they will not trust you and your compromise between your own sense of Right and their selfishness."

3. Then the constitution itself was quite faulty. It failed to meet the great difficulty of Representation. The convention shirked the burthen — made a provisional arrangement to last one year — and then left the whole thing to the Legislature and the People. That was only a Makeshift. Besides the constitution was not consistent as a whole. It lacked unity, and did not rest uniformly on great principles. Thus it went before the people — It had the endorsal of the Free-soil Party — a party which has been willing to compromise its Principles for temporary interests ever since 1848. But some of the most eminent men of the Party came out and repudiated the new constitution. Mann had left the State. S. C. Phillips said not a word for it. Dr. Howe only barely tolerated it. It was not so bad as the old one. Palfrey came out against it with a Pamphlet, which the Free-soilers did not answer, but only abused. Adams spoke against it, spoke well too, in many particulars. Hoar opposed it, so did Josiah Quincy.

The Free-soilers had some able men in the field. Dana, (who really does not belong with the Reformers, and will ere long I think slip out of their team,) Sumner and many lesser men. But Hallett, and Butler, who are a curse to any party, went bawling all over the State. I

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should suspect a cause was wrong which such persons defended. Then the "Commonwealth" was miserably weak; the Whig Papers wrote able arguments against the New constitution; the Commonwealth did not meet arguments with arguments, only with sneers, jests &c. — The "Bayonnes" are defeated, Horse, Foot and Dragoons — the Free-soilers are down, flat, at the mercy of Caleb Cushing — whom they made a judge! If this breaks up the coalition I shall be glad. a Free-soiler coalescing with a Hunker who stands on the Baltimore Platform is what I wish not to see again. But I fear the Free-soilers will fall yet lower — we shall see. By & by we shall have better times. — I did not mean to write you such a long letter — but here it is — We all send a deal of love to you — to Mr E. Mrs E. and the littles.

Good bye.

T. P.

Boston 12 Feb. 1854.

My dear Mr Ellis.

I have long been trying to write you a letter. But am either so busy or else so weary with business that I have found no time since those two little grandchildren went to the Kingdom of Heaven. It was a very sad thing for them to lose the little ones, both their pretty ones, at one fell swoop. But "it is well with

the child". By & by it will also be well with the father and mother, with you also and me. I do not know how they will comport in their first great Sorrow. I have not been able to see them since the burial of the last, but hope to be there tomorrow. They try to be calm,

"But 'tis the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the Mind is competent to gain."

I wish you and Mrs E could have been with them — for your sake and theirs. But it could not be, so all alone they had to look the great Sorrow in the face. It is not a fortunate thing when Affliction does not come till we are old and gray headed. I can't speak for others — but I am afraid I have not learned so much from success as from defeat. One day I trust Mankind will outgrow both this kind of Sorrow and the need for it. Now it is a Necessity — we can't avoid it — & also a part of our Education. But the Parents will not always bury their children and with such bitter weeping.

I will send you a sermon before long. — I have three a getting ready for print — one "of Old Age" goes to press tomorrow; one "the Jesus of Fact and the Christ of Fancy" will be soon ready; the third I have just preached "Some thoughts on the general condition of the country, and the new attack on the Freedom of Mankind in America". I meant to preach only one hour, so just under the desk about half of what I had written and skipped a third of the rest — and held on an hour & a half. Now as I

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write, my words are ringing in my own ears. What a wicked business is the Nebraska-Kansas matter! But here there is no enthusiasm. Men "hate it but know it will pass;" the prominent men do nothing — not even call a convention! the Free-Soil State Central Committee have called a meeting of Free-Soilers at Faneuil Hall next Thursday. But they are all alone. I passed Thursday night at Gov. Davis' in Worcester. He is indignant enough — bold enough, headed a petition to Congress — Lincoln a similar one; Knowlton a third. But that is all in Massachusetts! Not a whig stirs — the Advertiser is against the Bill, — but opposes it feebly — and respectably. Evil times! Evil times!

I am glad to hear that Kattie is better — Love to all and a kiss to the girls.

Good bye

Theo. Parker.

Boston 29th April 1854.

My dear Mr Ellis, Mrs Ellis, Kattie Ellis & Mary Jane Ellis, all and singular.

I hear from you by all sorts of ways except the direct way from the hand of any one of you. Charles tells me of you — when I see Sumner, Marion does ditto; — But you never write. Sidney Homer also wrote; I

Ellis C.

take it Mr H. went to South Carolina for his health. Poor man— that has to travel so far away to keep life in his limbs! Could not one of these maidens cure his sickness!

I came home from Bangor last night; lectured there Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and at Belfast on Thursday. I did what none of you can do, or have done this winter; I walked almost across the Penobscot at Bangor last Tuesday at 10 o'clock P. M. the 25th of April. Is not that a climate! On Thursday the ice was so abundant between Frankfort and Bucksport that it took Captain Sanford more than an hour to go six miles down the river— the tide sweeping in the same direction.

Would not one of the ladies like a Down-Easter for a Husband— and live at Hampden— Warrington; or peradventure at Mosquito Mountain! what a delightful May-Day there would be. Do think of it Kathie, and Mary Jane! At Boston the winter is a little further gone than at Bangor— the grass is green on the common, the Legislature has adjourned— the whig legislature; the Hon. Mr. Otis P. Lord Esq, the Speaker, made his finale last night, and this morning the great and general Court has risen, so they say. After all they could not get the House to vote $10,000 for a statue to Daniel Webster. What a pity! we esteem for men who save the Union. Even Mr Everett's stock is down in the Market,— never

Ellis 6.

to come up in any change of the (political) money market. Three thousand & fifty ministers angry with him, his chances of being president are no better than they were — a year ago. They could not be worse.

I inclose a little circular and send a little sermon of "Old Age" — for the girls. Love from all and to ditto.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

P.S. To Mr. Ellis can procure for me any statistics of Virginia, Reports of Jails &c, Almshouses &c, Cattle Shows &c, Agricultural & Scientific &c, Schools &c, I should be much obliged to him. Could she get me a copy of the Laws of this (East) Legislature.

To the Same Roxbury. Mass.

West End St Croix 22 April 1859.

My very dear Mr Ellis,

Here we have been seven weeks among the handsomest little Islands in the world — a queer place too; once the thermometer in the night went down to 72°, once in the day (in the shade) it went up to 85° and stood there from II P.M till VI. But generally the average heat in the house with all the doors and windows open is 76° to 79°; the Barometer stands always the same, 30 to inches. Judge how dry it is — in March there fell 5/10 of an inch of rain, we have not yet had so much in April. They all complain of drought — indeed the hills are all brown as Winsor soap, except where the cane crop is still left in the field. There has been no such

dry March since 1837.— The whole "thought" of the people is turned to making Sugar, Rum and Molasses,— no culture gets much attention except the cane. You would be astonished at the pains they take with that. The island is a mountain in the sea,— i.e. a cluster of hills quite steep, (more so than any in Massachusetts). Their base is rock which comes close to the surface every where. The farmers extend their cane-fields to the very top of the hills; they plant in rows 3 feet 8 inches apart and set the canes about 2½ feet apart in the rows; the land is thrown into ridges, 14 or 16 inches high, which wind round the hills and keep level always, so all the rain runs into the trough between the ridges, where the cane is set and does not wash the ground; that method would be an improvement if applied to our hill sides in New England.— I know the first thing you will ask about is my health. I am much better than when I left home, feel strong, can walk with ease— only hindered by a little lameness in the right leg, which was much worse at home: appetite is excellent; digestion could not be improved; sleep is generally good and abundant tho' now & then it fails me, but not more than when I am fully well. Yet still the cough continues and will not obey me and be gone — Charm I never so wisely. I like all the symptoms but that. My face is brown and ruddy, my eyes and teeth look well—. I ride on a pony about three times a week, I would do so twice a day if it did not worry my

Ellis C

leg a little. —— For nearly a month we had no letters from Boston; last Sunday 30 came in one sending! one of April 1. and a Transcript of March 31. Judge of our delight. — all containing good news! But I have not heard a word from your household — and I have visions of Mrs Ellis with a cough & Mr. E with the rheumatism, and getting his feet wet on the sloppy sidewalks in front of the Merchants Exchange; Jenny has youth on her side and is expected to keep well. — Should not I like to come out after meeting tomorrow and dine with you, and have a piece of nice cheese, and a crisp apple and a glass of lager — beer! I have a great mind to say I will come, but I fear the horse rail-road car will be full, — so I must wait! — We steam off from St Thomas for Southampton in the Parana on the 17th of May, and after that shall be within reach of our friends letters, and need not wait a month without a word from home, — now it is 23 days since any one wrote us whose letters we have got. If some one asks me "How many States are there in the Union"? I must say I dont know. There may have been an extra session of Congress, and Cuba, Mexico and Nicaragua may be admitted for aught I know! What a mess the poor President is in, — he can't pass his favorite measures; Congress goes home and leaves him no money to carry on the P. O. [Post Office] with; his party-friends detest him. Still I think the filibusters don't dislike him

Ellis C.

much, and certainly the slave-traders have reason to say "I know that my redeemer liveth!" What a state of things,— the slave-trade actually restored! I had two copies of the Boston Courier the other day — some of the Contributors sent them to H.— It is a great country, and Boston is full of great men, and if Mr Winthrop & Mr Everett be not both made Presidents, at the same time, I don't know what will happen; but I think it will not be safe to insure the American property by sea or land. I wish I knew how all your family are— the outlying members of both generations as well as those at home, but as Caroline Thayer did not write that they were ill I take it "no news is good news".— My wife and Miss S. are in excellent condition, only suffering from the dullness of the place which is terrible, beyond description. You must stay here two months to understand what dullness is— who preaches at the Music Hall; what did they do at the Annual Meeting; who is sick, who will never be sick again! ah me I am weary of thinking of all that. So good bye, & God bless you all

Yours affectionately

Theodore Parker

All send love to all.

Ellis C.

Rome. 29th Janr 1860

My dear Mr Ellis.

It is a great while since I have written you, but I know you will not think that I ever cease to remember that you are one of my oldest and best friends, as well as one of the best beloved. But it is not now quite so easy to write as when I could sit half a day with a pen in my hand and not be weary; and, besides, here where we have but one room with a fire in it there are continual interruptions which make writing impossible.— But I wonder if you would not like a word or two about this famous old city and its neighborhood. I think so and accordingly will set down the result of my observations upon it in regular order.

I. The Rome of Nature. An irregular range of mountains broken and interrupted here and there, sweeps round and encloses a sort of amphitheatre of level or undulating land bounded on one side by the sea, which this range of mountains approaches at both ends. This amphitheatre contains Rome and the Campagna, or field about Rome. It is irregular in shape — perhaps thirty or forty miles across in each direction. This territory has two rivers, the Tiber and the Anio, a branch of the Tiber, which receives it about twenty miles from the sea. There are several smaller streams which run directly to the sea, but are short and small. The land slopes gradually from the mountains to the sea, but is broken into gentle swells, or into low but steep-sided hills. The mountains are of

volcanic origin, except here and there, where you find an isolated calcareous summit like Soracte, standing alone; but a ridge of hills, lower than the mountains, and twenty or thirty miles long on the north-east side of this amphitheatre, is also of limestone. All the plain, with its small hills is also volcanic. Along the sea shore you find rolled pebbles of various character— granitic, volcanic, calcareous. The natural plants are pines, cypresses, oaks— three kinds, one of them evergreen— chestnuts, alders, maples, ashes, poplars, willows, &c, all different from our own. Perhaps the fig, the walnut, and the vine are also natives; other fruit-trees have been introduced by man. The plants of the grass kind are numerous; there is great profusion of flowers. The soil is rich by nature, and the climate such that the cattle keep the field all the year; the sheep have lambs in the early spring, and again late in the summer; the woods and fields are always green; the ground never freezes, and if snow falls, it lies but a few hours, and seldom extends half an inch in depth. It never freezes in the day-time, even if the weather is cloudy; the rain falls about forty inches a year (we have forty-seven at Boston and only twenty-seven at London) yet it seems to me it rains almost every day since I have been here. The land slopes from the mountains to the sea about one foot in a mile, or a little more; so the soil requires artificial drainage to make it healthy and serviceable for farms and

Ellis 6

gardens. Originally, I suppose, the whole surface was covered with a great, thick, rich forest, but that has long since disappeared; still, the edge of the sea is fringed with a deep wood, and the sides of the mountains are covered with trees. Once there were many volcanoes in this ridge of mountains, but they have long been silent, and now the craters are lakes of pure clear water, still retaining their circular shape and great depth. Indeed, all the lakes hereabouts are volcanic cups, once filled with fire, now full of water.

II. Rome of the Pre-Romans. The city of Rome was founded 754 B.C., but before that time this territory was pretty thickly settled, and the land apparently cultivated well; ~~Large towns~~ large towns were scattered about, one of three hundred or four hundred thousand inhabitants, a few miles off; many small towns must have been in the neighborhood. But now no relics remain of those ancient peoples, save here and there the ruins of a city all covered up and hid so completely, that for one thousand years, nobody knew where it once had been. But Greek and Roman writers keep the traditions of those peoples, and preserve a few fragments of their language; nay, a little further off we find, now and then, a monumental inscription. Here is one curious fact – all over Central and Northern Europe we find monuments of the time when the inhabitants were savage, or just advancing out of primitive wildness. Their tools of bone, of stone, of copper, and of iron mark the successive steps

of their progress; but, in this neighborhood, no such marks of ancient savagery have ever been found; and, so far as I know, all Italy has not a stone tomahawk to exhibit or an arrow-head of flint. I can't account for the fact.

III. Rome of the Roman Kings. About fifteen miles from the sea, on the right bank of the Tiber, and two miles below its junction with the Anio, there is a cluster of hills - ten or fifteen of them - close to the river; some of them were originally one hundred and twenty or two hundred feet high above the level of the river, which is twenty feet above the sea. Toward the water the sides were steep; there were little ponds or swamps between the hills; the valleys were always damp. This is the first rising ground between the sea and the mountains. There the city was built, small at first, and at length spreading out to the size of Paris, twelve or thirteen miles in circumference. The first government was by kings and an oligarchic senate. The kingdom lasted from 754 to 510, and has left a few monuments. (1.) A subterraneous canal for draining the lowest parts of the city. It is made of stone, arched; is about six hundred feet long and twelve feet high; it is thirteen or fourteen feet wide at one end, and ten or eleven at the other, where it enters the river. You will see the skill of the engineer who thus made it keep itself clear. (2.) A gaol with thick walls and a deep dungeon. (3.) Fragments of the city wall, partly of stone, partly of earth, on which cabbages, lettuces, and other kitchen vegetables

Ellis C.

are cultivated now. Such are the chief remains of a kingdom, which ceased 2370 years ago — a Sewer, a Prison, and a Wall.

IV. Rome of the Roman Consuls. (370 to 29 B.C.) This has left us as visible monuments — (1) the foundations of a few small temples now covered up with other buildings, or with ruins; (2) the foundation of part of the present Capitol; (3) some bridges now in ruins, or else built over anew; (4) the remains of some aqueducts long since fallen to decay; (5) fragments of the foundation of a theatre, all covered up with modern structures; (6) a few tombs, some of them celebrated for beauty or costliness; and (7) several great public highways built with wonderful solidity. The Roman Republic has left few visible remains.

V. Rome of the Emperors. (29 B.C. to 476 A.C.) This has left us (1) great highways; (2) great aqueducts; (3) bridges, now built over anew; (4) a long line of walls of brick or stone; (5) the ruins of a few temples, small, as the Roman temples always were; (6) the ruins of enormous baths; 7 the Colosseum, a magnificent ruin; (8) palaces and villas, all ruins now; (9) two enormous triumphal columns; (10) several triumphal arches, three of them pretty complete; (11) old temples converted into churches — the finest of these is the Pantheon, the fairest relic of the ancient architecture in Italy, perhaps in the world; (12) obelisks brought from Egypt and set up in Rome; (13) funeral monuments in great number — the most remarkable are

the mausoleums of Augustus and Hadrian, and the pyramid of Caius Cestius; (4) statues, bas-reliefs and bronzes in great numbers, some of them brought from conquered countries. Most of these works date from the earlier portion of the Empire: after the year 300, scarce anything was added to the wealth and beauty of Rome, except what is next to be named.

VI. Rome of the Popes. (Say 200 A.C. to 1860.) This period lasts on to that of the Empire one hundred and seventy-six years; the beginning (200 A.C.) is arbitrary, but I think the power of the Popes did not show itself before that time. This may be distributed into three periods — 1. The Dark Ages, say till 800, the time of Charlemagne. 2. The Middle Ages, from 800 to 1450. 3. Modern Times, 1450 till now.

(1.) Papal Rome in the Dark Ages. (1) We have funeral monuments of the Christians; (2) the Catacombs, with their strange and curious contents; (3) Churches — but none of them in its present form dates back to 300. Perhaps that of St. Agnes is the oldest of all, built in 324, and not much altered since. The great churches of this period were the old St. Peter's, St. Paul's beyond the walls, St. John of Lateran; but all these are swept away and rebuilt. Four famous churches are still standing of this time, made out of old heathen temples; all the others were made out of the materials of former buildings, destroyed that these might be built. See how the

Ellis C.

number of churches increased. From 400 to 500 there were thirty-six new churches built; from 500 to 600, four; from 600 to 700, seventeen; from 700 to 800, twelve – all, I think built out of the ruins of Pagan temples, for the Christians were the first destroyers of Imperial Rome. (4) Statues, bas-reliefs and mosaics in great abundance have come from this period, all indicating decay of everything except "ng Piety"! (You know how to pronounce that word.)

(2.) Papal Rome in the Middle Ages. Here come (1) churches, though in no great number – from 800 to 900, fourteen; 900 to 1000, ten; 1000 to 1100, three; 1100 to 1200, eighteen; 1200 to 1300, sixteen; 1300 to 1400, only one. These were times of trouble, of war, of continual disturbance. For three hundred or four hundred years in the time of the Empire, Rome contained a population of one million five hundred thousand; but in 1377, it had dwindled down to seventeen thousand! (2) Towers and other fortified buildings. These were very numerous, belonging to the feudal system, and the time of war. These were built by ruining the old structures; but most of them have passed away. Indeed, most of the churches of this period are either demolished or else reconstructed, more or less. (3) Funeral monuments of this age are scattered about in many churches, or collected in museums. (4) There are sculptures, and mosaics, and perhaps frescoes of this age.

(3.) Papal Rome in Modern Times. All the present city dates from this period, and is not older

than the year 1450. (1) Here come the churches. Even St. Peters is since 1500. From 1500 to 1600, sixty churches and convents were built; from 1600 to 1700, fifty-five; from 1700 to 1800, twenty-three. (2) Palaces and Public Buildings — all these are modern; of the eighty palaces mentioned in guide-books, not one is before 1480. From 1500 to 1600, there were built thirty-four; 1600 to 1700, twenty-two; 1700 to 1800, six. (3) Houses and Shops of the common people — all these are modern. The whole town dates since 1500. — Really, it is surprising to see what wealth of Church and Palace has been created in three hundred and fifty years. St. Peter's Church cost about fifty million dollars! With us at home, what we call Churches are Meeting-Houses, for the accommodation of men and women who hope to get some instruction therein; here they are "for the glory of God," or oftener of some miserable beast of a saint. Accordingly, you often go into a church which has cost one million dollars, and find service going on, but attended only by the gang of Priests whose business it is to do that work; the People are not there. So, many churches are built where there are no people, and never will be. St. Paul's out of the walls dates back to the fourth century, if not earlier; it has often been destroyed and rebuilt, and is in process of reconstruction now. It will cost more than all the Meeting-Houses of Boston and would hold ten thousand or fifteen thousand people;

Ellis C.

but there is no settlement near it, not a village; and the neighborhood is so unhealthy that in summer even the Monks who have charge of it must flee off to the city. This monstrous church – four hundred feet long and two hundred and twenty-two feet wide – is of no use to men and women; only for the Glory of God! — Rome is a very picturesque looking city. The numerous hills, squares, and public fountains, the obelisks and columns, the immense churches, the numerous palaces and the enormous ruins of ancient buildings, all unite to give it this appearance. But the people in the streets look highly picturesque — much of their work they do out of doors — the work of the joiner, wheelright, black-smith, brazier and shoemaker; the provision dealers have their wares in the open air. Hand-carts full of cabbages, oranges, lemons, apples, potatoes, fish &c &c are trundling about the city all day — the owner crying his merchandize in the harshest of all possible voices. The carts — there are no waggons — from the country look "poetical" — they are narrow, with high wheels and are drawn often by three mules harnessed all abreast. The oxen who draw other carts are all grey; they have horns four or six feet long. The Jackasses are the most picturesque beasts of burthen; often joining their voices to the general chorus of noise. Then the People themselves are picturesque. "Gentlemen" and "Ladies" look alike all the world over – the stove-pipe hat and the crinoline effacing all minor distinctions: so I leave that class out of account.

But here are, say, ten thousand soldiers - with their show of uniforms and glittering weapons, and six thousand priests, these all wear wide beaver hats looped up into a three cornered form which looks quite comic; they have small-clothes and black stockings, (mainly buckles in their shoes,) and black gowns which come down to the mid-leg or the ancle. The monks several thousands in number, wear long gowns - some are black, some brown, some white, some black over white, others white over black, some have a red or white cross in front or in the arm; all have cowls to draw up over the head in bad weather - for many go bare headed in fine weather. Many of these monks wear sandals. Then scholars in the various "national colleges" have peculiar dresses - wide hats and long gowns - black, white, purple or red. - The long cloak is worn extensively and has a fine effect in the streets. The dress of the common workman is quaint and striking - slouched hats, clothes ragged and faded and patched. Men are here from distant parts of Italy dressed in their queer costume, and country men from the Campagna close at hand - with long-haired goat-skin trousers and cloaks of sheep-skin - "the wooly side out and the fleshy side in". Then the women wear a good deal of brilliant red in their dresses; they go bare-headed and wear gold or silver ornaments in their black handsome hair. Altogether the aspect of the street is picturesque to a degree we cannot conceive of till we have seen them, so with all the dreadful poverty and

Ellis C.

the dirt of the streets and the People Rome never looks vulgar or common-place – its lowest places do not appear so revolting as the low parts of Boston, New York and London. --- See how the city has fluctuated in its Population since the Dark Ages. In 1198 – thirty-five thousand; in 1377 – seventeen thousand; 1500 – thirty thousand; 1702 – one hundred & thirty-eight thousand, five hundred & sixty-eight; in 1796 – one hundred sixty five thousand; in 1809 – one hundred twenty-three thousand; 1816 – one hundred thirty-two thousand; 1833 – one hundred fifty thousand; 1844 – one hundred seventy-one thousand; 1853 – one hundred seventy-six thousand and two. The People are on the increase now – but this comes from immigration; the Births are but little more numerous than the deaths. You are surprized to find so few children in the streets – till you remember that Barrenness is thought a religious merit in this city of celibates! a terrible tyranny presses down the people; it is inseparable from the Papal Government. I know only one nation that seems born for Papal Rule – i.e. the Irish – they are fit for nothing else and I wish the Pope had the whole pack of them. Still even the Pope inflicts no such tyranny as the Democratic Slaveholders of America – The Post-Office at Rome does not molest the mails as the Post-Office at Richmond Virginia! Alas me, I should rather undertake to settle the troubles of Italy than the more terrible troubles of America – with her two million Irishmen, and her four million Negroes! But we must march to pretty

sober music before we come to our journey's end. I know not how soon it will begin: certainly before many years.—

How I should like to drop in upon you and take tea, and pass the evening and talk over the affairs of the nation! But I shall not do so this Sunday, nor next. I think I am getting along here as well as I ought to expect. If I don't improve <u>at least I hold my own</u>—except in flesh. I still continue to lose weight, but the cough is no worse—it has its ups and downs. The weather is bad—cloudy, rainy almost all the time. Yet it is not cold, and the warm damp I find grateful to sick lungs. I think the <u>hot dry air</u> of Santa Cruz did me harm in May, tho' in <u>March</u> and <u>April</u> I mended. Before long I intend to go to Naples with Mr Dean for a fortnight or thereabout and hope to return a stronger and a better man.—— Love to all Your Family—which includes three generations, and many thanks to Yourself for all the Friendlinesses you have shown me in time of trouble. Please let Mr Manley see this letter—and believe me heartily and thankfully yours

Theodore Parker.

My wife and Miss S. send heartiest greetings to you and all.

Ellis C.

Rome 3d Feb. 1860.

My dear Mrs Ellis,

I had made ready the foregoing letter to your excellent husband, when the Transcript told me that he had passed to a sphere where letters are not needed to communicate between soul and soul. Yesterday, there came a letter from Francis Jackson, of 13th ult., giving me more particulars of his departure. I need not tell you or your children how much I sympathize with you all in your loss; it is but too well known. But my dear sorrowing friends, he has lost nothing, but has made an unspeakable gain. Not long ago poor Katie went before him, lamenting that she must go alone. Now he is with her. Nay, she went to make ready a place in Heaven for her Father, who so tenderly prepared a place for her on earth. Let us not complain. Tenderly loved by those who knew him best, widely respected by many whom he worked with in the various duties of the day, at a considerable age he has gone home. He has shaken off a worn-out and broken body, continually racked with torturing pains, and risen up a freed and unfettered Spirit. I think the suddenness of his departure was not the least of many mercies. He was saved that long lingering which torments so many of us, and makes the road to the grave so rough and difficult; he had none of that "Hope deferred which maketh the Heart-sick". Mr. Jackson wrote me that he was taken ill of the Paral-

-ysis Sunday, "and died at the going down of the Sun." I think it fortunate for him, for you, for us all that he was spared that long agony which wearies out the days of many who perish at last of that disease. How much more fortunate than poor Mr. Russell – whose life now seems to be only a long death. I know how difficult it is for wife and children to think so at first; after a while our eyes open, and we discover a Mercy where at first we saw only a Terror.

I need not say how highly I esteemed your Husband, or how I loved him, nor what reason I had for both. He was one of my oldest friends, one of the faithfulest, one of the nearest and dearest. I have known him twenty-two years, – and that too with increasing esteem and affection. He was a large-minded man, observant and thoughtful. He had his own way of looking at things, original and independent. I have not known many men with such fine large natural powers; they were admirably well-disciplined also. How tender and loving he was at home I need not say; but his charity went out abroad and did service to men whom he never saw; they were lifted up and comforted, though they saw not the arm that he put round them. His sympathies were so ready, and his mind so active, that spite of his white hairs and suffering body, he still continued young. He welcomed all new thought when almost seventy years old as readily as a man of twenty-five. This keeping a young heart is quite rare-

Ellis C.

and always beautiful — I need not say how much I valued his counsel. It was he that induced me to deliver my first course of lectures in Boston in 1841. — I said, "I am too young to engage in such a work;" and He answered, "come and try — we don't ask you to be older now, but to do what you can till you become so." I went and did what I could then. I am old enough now! Again in 1845 I was in doubt about coming to Boston to preach at the Melodeon. I distrusted my own talents, I feared that only a few would accept the doctrines I had to offer — for I saw clearly where those doctrines would lead — and the failure would make matters worse than before. It was mainly through his persuasion that I gave up my self-distrust and fear lest others could not accept what I was yet so anxious to offer them. His friendship never failed me, and I never asked him in vain to help another — he often went further in such matters than I wished — — It is just a year today since I left Home expecting not to see it again. Yours was the last house I went to in America. In my sickness I made but four visits — one to see my uncle aged XCI; one to see Mrs Goddard LXXVIII; another to see my wife's aunt almost LXXX; and the last was to bid good-bye at your house. (I could not visit my wife's mother, aged LXXV.) Of the four I took by the hand only one is left on earth. Perhaps they have already greeted each other in the great commonwealth of Heaven, where they have entered into the joy of their Lord and tasted the fulness of his Blessing! Accept the tenderest sympathy for you and yours, of affectionately and faithfully your Friend.

Theodore Parker.

Ellis C. M.

To Charles M. Ellis Esq. Boston 8th June 1846

West-Roxbury, 8th June 1846.

My dear Sir,

Since you were so kind as to offer me a little help yesterday I will trouble you a little. I want to know what it costs to feed a soldier a day or a month, &c. In short—what are the expenses of an army in case of hostilities—per man. I see that Mr Webster, in a recent speech, said the war expenses of the government were nearly $500,000 per day! This far exceeds my calculation for 50,000 men. If you can get me any information relative to these matters—without troubling yourself much—I will thank you

Truly yours

C. M. Ellis Esq. Theo. Parker.

West-Roxbury Saturday Night, June 6

My dear Charles,

I want to trouble you again a few minutes. Can you get for me a copy of the last June Report of the committee on the City Prisons, Houses of Correction &c! Then too can you find out how many persons from Boston are sent to the States Prison from June 9th '45 to June 9th '46, and the sum of their sentences! I want to ascertain this matter very much.

Ellis. C. M.

Who can tell me the proportion of second-comers in the States Prison? You will see the use I mean to make of this information when I print the Sermon "of the perishing classes in Boston."

Yours truly but hastily,
Theo. Parker.

Dear Charles,

Meeting of Exec. Committee at Dr Howe's office at one o-clock this day. —

truly
June 19th. [1854] T. P

Boston 16th Oct. 1854.

Dear Charles,

This will be handed you by a young man of very noble aspirations and I judge of a noble character also. He wants to become a Lawyer, and I send him to you that you may tell him what helps there are, and what hindrances also in the way to that end. If you can give him any information or advice on the matter in his mind, you will much oblige,

Truly yours
C. M. Ellis Esq. Theo. Parker.

Ellis C. M.

Boston Dec 2d 1854.

Dear Charles,

I want a list — with Residence — of all the grand jurors of last summer and this autumn — in the United States Circuit (or District) court. — We must know how much Hallett interfered in getting the Indictment, for he having $20 for each one indicted has a pecuniary motive adverse to justice.

Is there any official publication of the Judge's charge, or of Halletts instructions to the Jury!

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Private

Dec 11. 1854.

Dear Charles

Since you left us I have learned that Mr. Hallett last June bet $10, with another man that he "would get Parker indicted." —

It would be well to listen round and find out any such things as have dropped from his lips, or Curtis's, or Greenough's. —

Shall not you want some chamber counsel, or other counsel in court! If so there is Dana — or any one you like, Hale e.g.

Yours truly
T. P.

Ellis C. M.

19 Dec. 1854. C

Dear Charles,

I am much obliged to Mr. Hallett for his readings to accommodate me in the matter referred to— But I did not ask that or any other favor. I simply wish to know the time when the court will proceed to try the matter between it and me— I will accommodate myself to that. I understood from Mr. Phillips that Mr. Hallett said the trials probably would not take place in March; if so, I need not disappoint some fifteen towns by refusing to lecture there. Excuse me for troubling you.

truly

Theo. Parker.

Jan 18. 1855.

Dear Charles,

Let me know from what towns the jurors will be drawn to try me &c in the spring. C

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

29th Jan'y 1855. C

Dear Charles

I learn from Judge Russell that Charles H Storey is quite intimate with William W. Greenough

Ellis C. M.

and may perhaps furnish such evidence as we want. Perhaps Judge Russell will tell you other things which may be of service. ——— Did you see a long article in the New York Tribune on the connection of the Curtises with the late Indictments? If not I will show it to you.

Yours truly

Old State House Theo. Parker

29th Jan'y 55.

Westfield 7. Feb. 1855.

My dear Charles,

Can't you get from Hallett a list of his witnesses? — Some of them will be scoundrels — and we must break them down. I think we had better summon some of the grand jury — to swear to the Evidence of some of the "marshalls guard" before the grand jury.

Hallett will doubtless have some one to help him, as Lunt had Lord, in the Shadrach Resene cases. Can you find out beforehand who it will be? I want you to use your discretion and associate with yourself such help as you see fit, if you see fit; but you to be the counsel.

I suppose Hallett may want to have E. S. Parker testify as to what I told him (P.) the night after the attack on the Ct. Ho. [Court-House] about the Blood and

Ellis G. M.

Brains - which got into the Newspapers. If he does, I should like to summon Charley Hale (young Daily) for what I told him.

How would it do to have Greenough up to show the relation of the Curtises and himself?

Has Sennott done anything about that case, committed to him? If not it had better be put in other hands - That is a card not to be lost. If the enemy wants to fight, let us give them their Belly-full of it.

What if they should engage Choate on their side? would it scare you? not me at all!

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

If Curtis should put me in jail for contempt - has a Massachusetts Judge a Right to issue a Habeas Corpus, and adjudicate in the matter?

Look at Judge Stuarts charge - an admirable one - to the grand jury at New York in Tribune of Tuesday 6. Feb..

You see the Administration has met with another defeat - the Election of Seward. I think they will not have much stomach for Battle.

I wish it could get into the newspapers that the Defence of the Curtises was probably written by one of the Slave-hunters counsel who helped Kidnap Mr. Burns.

Ellis C. M.

Feb. 13. 1853.

My dear Charles,

Your note has just come to hand. I have no time to write a long reply — nor yet to see you for several days, so the briefest note must serve for answer. — I cannot consent to your proposal. You are my counsel, to do all matters and things requisite for my defence. If you see fit to employ others to aid you — in any capacity — do so — at whatever cost; — but I look to you, you alone

Laxatively but faithfully

Yours

Theo. Parker.

From Hon. J. P. Hale Esq. to C. M. Ellis Esq

Washington Feb 17. 1853.

Dear Sir

Yours of the 15th I received at this place this morning. I expect to be in Boston next Thursday, when I will endeavor to see you.

I know of nothing which will prevent me from aiding in Mr Parker's defence.

With much respect

Yours John P. Hale.

C. M. Ellis Esq.

Ellis C. M.

Feb 18. 1855.

My dear Charles,

These are the points which I should make against Commissioner Loring.

(1.) He kidnapped a man in Boston who was accused of no offence against any law divine or human, but who by the laws of God – written in nature – and the constitution and Statutes of Massachusetts, and the Principles of the Declaration of Independence, was as much entitled to Freedom, as Mr. Loring himself or any man in the commonwealth.

(2.) He was not forced to this – but did it voluntarily. a. His office did not compel such a wicked service – for Mr. Hallett in 1850 declined it, and in 1854 Mr. George T Curtis who was first applied to for the kidnapping of Mr Burns, refused the office; in 1851 (in the Simms time) no sheriff or constable of Boston could be found willing to serve the writ of personal Replevin, though a fee of $500 was offered and a Bond of Indemnity to the extent of $3 000 more. b. But if the office in his opinion required this – then he ought to have resigned his office either at once on the passage of the U.S. [fugitive slave] bill which "required" such a service of him, or at least when called on to steal a man. He cannot plead that the office is any extenuation of so heinous an offence as making a citizen of Massachusetts, accused of no fault – a slave of Virginia.

Ellis C. M.

(3.) He did not do this hastily, but deliberately, after a week for reflection, and consultation with his friends and fellow-citizens.

(4.) He is not now sorry for the offence, but so justifies it on principle — that the act is legal and constitutional. and so professes to understand the tenure of his office of commissioner that he would do the same again if called on — and Massachusetts will, again and again, present to the world the spectacle of a commonwealth, democratic and Christian which keeps in office, as guardian of widows and orphans, a man who is a professional kidnapper. Is she ready to do that?

(5.) The manner of the kidnapping was as bad as the matter. I will not refer to the mode of arrest — which he is not responsible for; — but, a. he advised Mr. Phillips — Burns's attorney — "not to throw obstacles in the way of his being sent back, as he probably will be"! b. He confined him in a Court-house of Massachusetts, contrary to the express words of the statute, and the well-known forms of law of his own state. c. He decided against the evidence in the case — which proved that the man on trial as a slave in Virginia on a certain time, was actually at work in Boston at that very time. d. The evidence he relied on for the identity of Burns — the only thing to be proved as he declared — was the words alleged to be uttered by Mr. Burns, — spoken, if at all, under duress, and subsequently denied by him. e. He communicated his decision to

Ellis C. M.

parties having an interest adverse to Mr. Burns — 24 hours at least before it was given in open court.

(6.) He knows the stealing of a man is wrong — This is not merely matter of inference from his education and position, but from the fact that he declined the fee of $10. his "legal" and "official" recompense for stealing a Brother man. This he does, it is supposed, not from general charity towards men-stealers, or from special friendship for Col. Suttle in this case, but because the money is the price of blood paid for treachery to the Constitution of Massachusetts, and the natural, essential, and inalienable Rights of man.

(7.) He is the first judicial officer of Massachusetts since 1776 who has kidnapped a man. Had he stolen Mr. Dana, or Mr. Ellis — counsel for Mr. Burns — charged with no crime, and delivered them up to the Algerines or Caffrarians, he would not more have violated the Principles of natural Justice and the Precepts of the Christian Religion. Nay, the offence is worse when committed against a poor man, an unprotected and a friendless man — of a despised race, than if committed against rich, educated, and powerful gentlemen, who have material and personal means of defence. Now, the Legislature of Massachusetts is the constitutional guardian of the Lives and the character of her citizens.

If she retains a kidnapper in her high office of Judge of Probate, in her own capital-city, she says to the world, "I acknowledge that it is a glory to steal

a man; and so will make the kidnapper also Guardian of Widows and of Orphans, giving him a better opportunity to crush those who are ready to perish without his oppression!" Is that the Lesson for the guardians of Public Morals to teach to the Youth and Maidens of Massachusetts; — to teach in the hearing of Faneuil Hall, in sight of Bunker Hill, over the graves of Hancock and Adams!

(8.) There are 2,038 colored persons in the county of Suffolk, they must do Public business at his office. Is it fair for Massachusetts to force them — in their affliction, to come before a judge who is the official enemy of their race; — who kidnaps men of this nation! It adds new terrors to the bitterness of death.

(9.) If there were no Law of God, no conscience in man declaring what is right, no golden Rule of Religion — bidding "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them" — then it might be enough to plead the law of U.S. [the United States] allows him to steal a man. But as there is a Law of God, a conscience, a golden Rule — recognized guides of conduct amongst Men — Massachusetts cannot retain in such an office a man who on principle will send his innocent Brothers into eternal Bondage.

Use these Dear Charles just as you see fit —. I was with my wife all day yesterday or I should have seen

Ellis C. M.

you— I shall not be able to attend the meeting till Friday P. M.

Let me see this note Friday if there be a 2d Hearing. I send my sermons on the Burns and Simms affairs, which lies before the Committee.

Yours

T. P.

Form of Dedication to T. P's Defence. (not used)

To

Charles M. Ellis Esq

as

a Token of Esteem and Gratitude

for his manly service in defending me

and the Cause of Freedom of Speech

against

the mean and cowardly attacks

of the Kidnapper's court

in Boston

which are this day brought

to an appropriate and disgraceful defeat

for his obliged Friend

Theo. Parker.

April 12th 1855.

Ellis & M.

Dublin New Hampshire 8 Aug. 1855.

Dear Charles

I shall have my defence ready for the Press about the 10th of Sept. It may go to Press on Sept 4 – the beginning of it. Part of it I wish to read to you – part will go alone without troubling you. But it strikes me it would be well to have a Preface written by the Counsel of Defendant setting forth a more professional view of the case than I can give – that of course will be printed last and may be completed after the rest is finished. Let me know your opinion about this. Jennie is well and sends "my Love". She is a nice little girl, and is getting brown.

Yours truly.

Theo. Parker.

Aug. 11th 1857.

Dear Charles,

Go a sailing with us. We start in the "Surprize" Capt. Bearse, tomorrow (Tuesday) at VI P. M. from South Boston Point. We shall be gone from 10 to 15 days – cost not above $40, a piece. Fred. May, Wm. Bowditch and some others go; see either of them. It is just what you need.

T. P.

Dear Charles

Here are the names of Persons.

1. for meeting at Faneuil Hall.

Charles Ellis
S. R. Russell.
S. G. Howe
Gersham B. Weston
Saml May
Francis Jackson.
Saml Downer
Mr. Jerrinton the Phonographer
(at Anti-Slavery office).

2. For Greenough

Dr. Dale
C. W. Storey.

Yours
S. P.

Ellis C M.

C

Montreux Vaud-Suisse 22. Sept. 59

My dear Charles.

Your welcome letter of 22d ult came here the 9th inst. Many thanks for it. I was glad to hear directly from your family, and learn that they are well. There has never been a day since I left home that I have not often thought of your Father and his dear ones. He is one of my oldest Friends - none ever had one more friendly and loving. His is the last house I was ever in at home except my own. I made my last call on him. It was your Father who procured for me the invitation to settle at West-Roxbury; it was he who induced others (with himself) to ask me to deliver five lectures in Boston in the autumn of 1841; he who finally led me to come to Boston and preach at the Melodeon, and he who has been a friend in need at every turn - thoughtful as a Father, kind as a Mother. I have not often been taxed with ingratitude. I shall never forget such kindness as his, so long continued and so uniform. Your Father's House has been one of my homes at West-Roxbury; when I first went there, it was the only place I ever ventured to go to and take tea at without a formal invitation. You know how continual my visits have been there of late years. When the Curtises got me indicted by their packed jury for the "Misdemeanor" of a speech in Faneuil Hall against kidnapping my own Parishioner - and not a Newspaper in Boston - the sneaks things - dared speak out against such abominations, it gave me pleasure to obtain the services

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Ellis C M.

of your Father's Son for my Defence – and most handsomely were those services rendered and effectually, yet before a Court singularly mean even in its decision that the indictment was bad. I can't think of that affair now without the heartiest contempt for Judge Curtis spite of his large understanding – he has nothing more – and the one act of judicial rectitude he has since been persuaded into against his will, which he had not spunk enough to stand by and defend. He belongs to the worst family we ever had in a conspicuous place in Boston – tho' by no means destitute of certain easy and well-compensated virtues and is a fair Representation of its meanness and disregard for justice. But I did not intend to speak of him or his whom I like not to remember.

What a fuss the Bostonians made about Choate! New York did the same for Bill Poole several years ago – and now the great Puritan city comes lagging after with its tardy imitation. I suppose you heard Everett glorify Webster last Saturday – at least you heard of it which I think would be quite enough. Everett is a Rhetorician; his trade is to make speeches, he does this on all occasions – except those where manly regard for justice is required then "mi vocal organs" are out of tune, or "mi health is so deranged that he cant speak a word for Sumner and against assassination in the senate of the United States." He is an electro-gilder you carry him any piece of metal, no matter how base, and he covers it over with his thin tinsel, and makes an old rusty

Ellis C M.

tin pot look like fine gold. That is his function and he fills admirably his place. When he dies he will leave behind him a great faget of speeches which every Hunker will buy, and Harvard College give as Detust to the young men it has in process of semilification, but which no mortal man can read with any moral profit. I daresay he made a beautiful speech - and sent a copy of it to the Courier for publication, in whose columns and also those of the Tizer it appeared the following Monday; of course all the Papers praise it.

I take it Banks is to be Governor this year - and a very good Governor I guess, he makes on the whole. I should nit have appointed Otis P. Lord Judge - unless he has to sit in liquor-cases as an expert - and test the strength of the Rum; then I think he might be an entire Supreme Court, a full Bench, from whose decision there was no appeal. But Banks bit off a large piece of his own nose when he helped add two years to the time foreigners must wait before voting; if he repeats that experiment, he will have no more chance for the Presidency than Tom Sawyer. Banks is a working Governor and will yet do us a deal of service I hope. But I don't insure on such men for a long voyage - nor subscribe to a general Policy on their account. As Governor, he has done some good things - and will no doubt do more. He is interes=ted in that dreadful question of penal law - and I hope has some enlightened opinions about it, certainly he is much interested in the improvement of our jails. Somebody writes

Ellis C. M.

me that Burlingame is to be Governor one of these years! But "nobody knows who will be Governor till after election". Men tell me Burlingame has been expecting Sumner's place, and but for that would have tried to defeat Wilson's reelection. Perhaps Wilson knew the disposition and so laid him out stiff and cold on that amendment of the constitution. Politicians don't love each other much. I think Sumner is the only one of them that I have known whom I never found detracting from the merits of a rival. He will return to the Senate a much stronger anti-slavery man even than he left it: some personal animosity will be mixed with his moral feeling and philosophical conviction. I will insure on him for the whole voyage of his life.

How are the ecclesiastical affairs of New England just now? In Ireland an attempt is made to get up a Revival: it succeeds as in America—i.e., men, and still more, women are brought into the state of Hysteria and conduct themselves accordingly. But the Newspapers of high standing oppose it. In America even the New York Tribune did not dare do so, still less the Sizers and Couriers. But here either the conductors of the Press are men of more character than with us, and so on their own account dare oppose public Opinion when it is wrong; or else in the more numerous classes of society there is a greater variety of opinion, and so the Editor feels safe in developing his own individuality. Certainly the London

Ellis C. M

Times - tho' as unscrupulous as the New York Herald or New York Observer even - is yet as individual as the House of Commons itself. In England there is an enor= =mous body of rude men, almost wholly uneducated, super= =stitious and gross in their passions and manners, who for generations to come must be the food of Revivalists and Hell-fire Preachers, like Spurgeon. In a certain state of society a Revival is as natural as the Plague or the Cholera in a certain state of the air in a close-pent town. But as Europe has outgrown the Plague - which once made frightful havoc in London - so one day will she and America get rid of the Revival which still commits such outrages in New York and Boston.

I wonder how the Unitarian Autumnal Convention comes on, and what they discuss, and how they do it. No sect had ever a finer opportunity to advance the religious development of a people. But they let it slide; and now they must slide with it. In 1835 the Unitarians were the controlling party of Boston; the Railroads were just getting opened, and it was plain the Population - the Protestant Population - of the town would soon double; young men with no fortune but their character, would come in from the country and settle and grow rich; the Unitarians ought to have welcomed such to their churches; have provided helps for them, and secured them to the Unitarian fold. Common Policy would suggest that course - not less than a refined Humanity. But they did no

Ellis C. M

such thing; they loved pecunia pecuniata, not pecunia pecuniam. They were aristocratic and exclusive in their tastes, not democratic and inclusive. So they shoved off those young country-fellows, and now rejoice in their very respectable but very little congregations. The Youth of Boston is not in the Unitarian churches: a church of Old men goes to its grave, one of Young men goes to its work. The Unitarian Ministers are Old - not in years but in feebleness; they graduate Old - not in Wisdom, but in lack of Hope, in Distrust of men, in Fear. Their School of the Prophets is an institution for the senilification of Youth.

Besides, they neglected their theological duty, which clearly was to lead further on, the Progress of religious thought. The sect looks now like an old-fashioned Puritan Meeting House with its tall, handsome, aspiring steeple blown off, and a little dirty, thimble-shaped cupola, ten feet high, put in its place. A few years ago men like Henry Ware (Senr) and like Wm. Ellery Channing were the acknowledged heads of the denomination - its representative men, now they are such men as George E. Ellis D.D. and Henry W. Bellows D.D. The Progressive spirit of the age and the high Philanthropy of the age have gone elsewhere. The great Truths of the Unitarian Doctrine are to them like the seed sown among thorns. But the great destinies of Humanity are not confided to the hands of a single sect. Theological Progress in America goes without leaders

Ellis C. M.

its movement is democratic - of the People, not oligarchic - of a few scholars. The most advanced ideas are not lodged in the rich and well-educated congregations where the pews are costly, and the heads are white - it is in the great (or little) congregations of poor young men and women that you must look for the Instinct of Progress, and the power which one day will build new Churches and fill them with pious Emotion which also will turn into great Moral life. So the Stone that the (anointed) builders rejected becomes the Head of the Corner! So was it; so is it; so will it ever be. The great Burthens of the Lord are laid on shoulders which seem quite inadequate for the work - yet the shoulders bear up the Ark, and carry it through many a red desert, and over many a Jordan all swollen with the drainage of mountains. - - -

Jimmy and Theodore are both at the Latin School - soon they will be in college! How odd that seems. Remember me kindly to your wife, and all the children, to your sisters also and their dear ones, and above all to your Father and Mother to whom I owe so much of both gratitude and love. Remember me kindly to John A. Andrew - a right noble man whom I hope to see Chief Justice of Massachusetts one day - he has the Instinct of justice in the heroic degree - and in a judge that is worth more than the capacious understanding of Ben Curtis or Lord Thurlow. Now accept my own best wishes for yourself - and believe me

Faithfully yours
Theodore Parker.

May S J.

To Revd Saml. J. May. Lexington Mass.

West-Roxbury 4 Sept. 1843.

Dear Sir

My niece Emmeline Parker will join your school, at the beginning of the coming term, (Sept-13th I believe). As I shall be out of the country, I shall leave it to your kindness to inform her of a suitable boarding-place &c &c. If you will send the Bills to my address-at West-Roxbury- the cash will be sent you. I suppose your first term-for 1844-ends about April or May. I don't know but E. had better take a school then if she can obtain one and is competent to the task- if not she must remain longer. With my sincere desires for your health and prosperity, believe me

Yours truly

Revd Saml. J. May. Theo. Parker.

West-Roxbury, 23. Dec. 1844.

My dear Sir,

I thank you heartily for your offer of an exchange. The "circumstances" of my case "are peculiar," and I feel a delicacy in asking an exchange of any one- often in accepting one that is proposed. I will gladly come to Lexington, and preach on the second Sunday in Jan'y, if it is agreeable to you-. Come and pass

May S. J.

Saturday — day and night both with us — and then I will go up to Lexington Sunday morning. I am sorry that you think of going to Syracuse —. I know indeed the good you will do there — But now I think we need the Archimedes not at Syracuse but in New England. Don't you know that the "Brethren" want you to take Sargent's place! They think you will obey orders! Saturday then the 11th of Jan'y. I shall expect you —

truly yours

Rev'd S. J. May — Theo. Parker.

April 1st

West-Roxbury all-fools day, 1845.

Dear Friend Archimedes!

I meant to have answered your welcome letter a great while ago — but delay pressed upon the heels of delay till now I am almost ashamed to reply at all. Forgive me this neglect — and remember that I have sometimes half-a dozen letters in a day to write and sometimes more. I thank you heartily for the Books — which I returned a week, or more, ago — Waterfield is a writer whom I admire not a little — It is highly doubtful to me that his belief in the miracles of the New Testament would satisfy some of the stricter sect now-a-days — still his exquisite critical sense and his terrible acumen are obvious every where. He felt it

May S. J.

necessary I think to sacrifice a good deal of the Mythology of the New Testament for the sake of preserving the substance of Christianity. The time had not come to make the assertion. I have attempted to separate the documents of Christianity - from Christianity itself, to show that Christianity is the absolute Religion - let what will come of the documents. I say Christianity is the πού στῶ - not the words of N. T. - others say that the N. T. is the πού στῶ and not the absolute Religion - Wakefield and I should agree much better, it is possible, than Bro. Young and I - or even Bro. Young and Wakefield. The Chinese classic I read with deep delight. The translator is either a fool or a most consummate Hypocrite. I should think the former were it not that tho' a fool might learn Chinese - as well as Hebrew and Greek - yet he could hardly dream of putting into English such works as these. If ever you part with that work - pray remember me. You never sent me a catalogue of Lane's books - if you have one please send it. - - - As to Bennett - you will please remember that he and I differ most amazingly. He is a Deist - confessedly. He has no spiritual Philosophy - swears by John Locke. He is a noble man - generous, self-denying - and I doubt not in Gods' eyes as acceptable as some that believe a good deal both of Truth and absurdity. Still I think the Spirit of Truth is in him to a wonderful degree - quite uncommon. I have a spiritual philosophy -

May S. J.

believe in the immanence of God in Nature and Man—; His continual and active presence as Creator, Preserver, Inspirer. (I could construct a trinity out of that if I would deceive men—1. Creator, 2. Savior, 3. Holy Ghost. 2 C. L.) Still, of course, that God transcends alike Nature and Man. I think his Revelations are continual, tho' that through Christ was the highest we know of, still I don't believe that God could not create 1000 XS [Christians] tomorrow if he chose, each greater than Jesus, for though I can see nothing higher than Piety and Goodness in the shape of Religion—still I hardly feel confidence enough in myself to set limits to the omnipotence of God.

What you say about the sarcasm and all that, I by no means plead guilty unto. I wonder that you should bring the charge—I fully sympathize with Burns in his compassion for "auld Nickie Ben," and don't like to think of Hell for his sake. I wish he would "tak' a thought an' men!" But my dear friend, I never wrote a line with any ill-will or sarcastic humour towards maid or man. I should not dare write with such a feeling—least of all in such a cause! I wonder that you can read Pilgrim's Progress, finding nothing of the kind therein—and then discover it in my poor writings. What if I had called men a "generation of vipers," "snakes," "children of the devil," and the like!—— But enough of this. I want you should write a letter to the

May S. J.

English Unitarians relative to the ministerial treatment of slavery – a letter that some half dozen of us – or more if they be found – can sign with a clear consience. I feel hurt – personally hurt at the thought of that wretched letter going over to England, and down to posterity – as the expression of the Unitarian ministers of U. S. A. Please inform me when Archimedes runs off to Syracuse, and believe me

truly your friend & Brother

Theo. Parker.

To the Same. Syracuse N. Y.

West-Roxbury 24th April. 1846

Dear Friend.

One of your nephews told me there was a letter from you on the way to me, – but alas it has never come to me! I suppose it is in the moon. For what is lost on earth "'Tis said is treasured there", and when I go there no doubt I shall find it; at any rate I will enquire. I regret to lose your letter for I often want counsel – which I hope it contained, so I must beg you to write again. I trust you will attend our annual convention at Berry Street – alas that it should so often be a convention to bury –; a convention of the dead – tho' un-buried. I wish some of the wiser men would do somewhat to make our meetings more profitable; more alive. I don't think

May S. J.

it of much consequence to know that Dr. Pierce has baptised 16 children, and Dr. Gannett added to his church 26 children of a little larger growth. Even the detail of "our excellent traits" and the "great extension of our views" in the "west", or the "south" seems to me no great matter. Can't something be done and said to stir men's Hearts, Heads, Hands – so that even the drowsy shall go home with hearts beating in their bosoms! Can't we set men on and make them take hold of war, slavery, drunkenness, crime and pauperism and popular ignorance! I love theology and Philosophy –; love them as roads to Truth, and therefore avenues to human welfare – to Goodness and Piety. But it seems to me affairs are so managed that the power of a good many in the denomination are crippled. The best minds are told not to think – or if they do, not to think on theology – still less on Reform – but to follow the counsel of Dr. Byends – or Mr. Facing-both-ways. We do nothing; nothing in theology – nothing in civilization, i.e. in the reforms. If there is an old woman in the denomination – a born granny – we make him, (her, or it,) our oracle and then at his command drive out of the State such men as John Pierpont – drive them out because they are righteous! The Boston Association – you know what that is –, well, it rules the Unitarian denomination, controls the "Examiner," the "Register" and muzzles the "world". It governs the Berry Street conference –; decides who shall speak at

May S. J.

the Dinner—; chooses the Unitarian agent—and prints "our excellent tracts". I ask you if this is always to be so; if men like you are willing it shall be so—and young & men continue to be disheartened—muzzled—and untimely slain! I speak to a wise man—judge you what I say.

I beg you to write me your old letter again—or a new one— There are many things I should like to talk over with you face to face. I am not well enough to pursue my studies as I was wont—so I have laid by some of my darling plans—in literature and theology, and conclude that I shall dawdle out a life of no great use to any one. With the best wishes for you and yours I am your friend & Brother

Theo. Parker.

Niagara Falls 15th July. 1846.

My dear Brother May,

I actually slipped thro' Syracuse without seeing Archimedes. I know it seemed unfriendly to do so; it was quite against my will. When I purposed to make this journey, I said to your uncle Sam, "I shall see Sam. Jo. May," "and you will preach for him too," was the answer. So I intended to stand in your place all of last Sunday—but "was hindered". Yes, "I have been let hitherto"; we got delayed—by one accident after the

May S. J.

other and having three women (!!!) with me I was constrained to pass thro' Syracuse, stopping only to take a "hasty plate" of tea. What made it worse is - that I did all that on the Lord's day, or rather the Lord's night - for it was after sunset before we left the town where they make good salt and rejoice in a Bishop who hath not lost his savour. I cannot come as you suggest - for I shall be at home before the time you speak of, but all my heart is with you and often: next year I will hope to come with a gentleman - and no Ladies - and visit the lakes you speak of, and then I will preach for you to your hearts' content, even if I have no salt in my porridge till then! Your welcome letter, of several months' date, lies yet on my table at home unanswered. I have not been idle - but I have long been so ill in head that I have shunned all intellectual action which I could possibly avoid. I am now travelling wholly for health. I have a most excellent appetite and digestion, but all else is poor enough. I will write you soon after I get home when I hope to be a deal better. I wanted to talk over many things with you, this amongst others, (which please not name). I have long been intending to write an anonymous "Letter to the American People touching the matter of Slavery, by one of the Million." I wanted to ask you about the utility of such a thing - and for any hints that you could give me touching the matter, or the mode of treating it. I wished to write anonymous -

May 5 J.

because I have a bad name, for tho' I am baptized Θεον-Δωρον, God's gift- I believe most men think me a devil's child. I thought I would write this- as soon as I am well enough- and then publish it in a cheap form and simultaneously in many places. Would an edition go in your neighborhood- of a little Pamphlet- say twice as big as the war-Sermon- in a cheap form? I wish you would advise me a little about the subject.

I am amazed at the way good men and Politicians look at the matter- amazed at their silence. Of course I shall not condemn the Church or the State -for tho' bad enough, they are the best institutions we have ---- I will send you a copy a week or so before it is published- and you may do what you please with it. Please tell me the names of men in the West- who would be likely to help put such a thing forward. Of course I don't wish any profit from such a work. If I can ever be of use to you in the East- I beg you to let me know how, and I will try and merit your forgiveness- even if you do not grant it. Remember me to Mrs M. and to Ora Gannett. I have seen none of the "Brethren"- this side of Boston. But you and Mr. Pierpont are the only ones that would want to see me anywhere- I am heartily your Friend and Brother

Theo. Parker.

May S J.

West-Roxbury 13th Nov. 1846.

My dear Friend.— Your letter and Packet of Anti-Slavery Books—all came safe to hand. I shall take time for my work—. It will be a small book—say as big as Channing's on Slavery perhaps. It shall certainly be well considered—, I can't say more. I will do what I can. However it will take me months yet to get it done— I have to write a religious oration every week—and that you know is no light task—tho' a delightful one. I am weekly astonished at myself—that I can do so well as I do. Dr. Jackson has calked my head with quinine till it is air-tight. I was never better off in my head—I can write a sermon—that takes an hour to preach, at one sitting and not leave my chair! Isn't that brave! I don't do so often—. It is riding the Horse a little too hard—and I am careful now—very careful—for I dread the old fire that threatened to burn my head off. I would lend you sermons—but you could not read them. I have about 1001 contractions—and make a dash into a sentence and then it goes. I can make it out—but I alone. Loring (E.S) has crammed me with Anti-Slavery Books—but there is a deal of cyphering and thinking to be done—that takes time. I will look out for your little Baby-church—and see if we can give them a little dry nursing, all in time.

Now to your old letter of last April, which for nine months has looked me reproachfully in the face.

May I. J.

I think Jesus was a perfect man - perfect in Morality and Religion, a Religious Genius, as Homer a poetical Genius. I cant say there never will be a greater man, in Morality and Religion, - tho' I can conceive of none now. Who knows what is possible for Man! ("Dr. Parkman" - you will say.) If Jesus had lived now - I think he would have been greater, yes, if he had lived to be 40, 50, 60 or 70 years old - why not! I think him human - not super - human, the manliest of men. I think him inspired - directly - but not miraculously, not unnaturally but naturally; inspired in proportion to his Genius and his use thereof. I think God is immanent in Man, yes in men, most in the greatest, truest - Best. How much of the excellence of Jesus came from organization - I don't know. Artists are true to Nature it seems to me and give him an organization exquisitely human; noble, intellectual and heavenly. But I have seen no full embodiment of the Christ in Art - none of my Christ - tho' enough of the Churches' Christ. I doubt not, that as men follow the Laws of Nature, we shall have nobler forms - features - heads and so nobler men. We have bred Force hitherto, and bred Draught-cattle - men for war. May we not one day have a man with the Philosophic genius of a Socrates, the Poetic of a Homer, the Practical of a Napoleon and the Religious of a Christ! Even Dr. Parkman knows not that it cannot be! -

How did Jesus become so great! Who can tell! Why do

May S. J.

you turn to Peace, to Reforme, to Christianity and —— to eating and drinking, —— to money-making? What made Homer the Poet— Bacon the Philosopher— &c? Much is due to Birth— much to Breeding— how much to Self? Who made us to differ? I doubt not many men go out of Brothels— jails, and from the gallows with more merit than I have— and will take a higher place at last in Heaven,— for they have better used their Birth and Breeding than I mine. I think God alone has absolute Free-will— we only relative and partial, a con-=ditional Freedom; one foot booted, the other chained; that as we live truly, we get more freedom and so on. I can't think there was a special opening of the Heavens to Christ. Each man's measure of ability is special and for him— but the use thereof subject to general laws. Inspiration I think comes by universal Laws. Just as we obey the laws of our being we get inspi-=ration, it seems to me,— a little being-lefs; the larger —more.

I wish I could sit downe and talk with you— and not write to you— then a word— nay a look so clears up one's argument. Some time you will let me. ——

I look on Jesus as the celestial Blossoming of Man, the highest fact in our story — I know he left no children —of the Body—, one wishes to know what they would have been— But if great men are not always wise— their children are not always great. Jesus improved the

May S. J.

Race in a different way. Alcott once said he thought himself not at all indebted to Christ directly – for any thought or feeling – but indirectly for a finer organization &c! It seems to me there is a progress of man's capabilities here on earth. I don't mean that Man changes in his Essence – but practically in his Potence – we don't find Waldo Emersons among the Choctaws – but the Yankees – Let the world have Peace – 500 years – the Aristocracy of Blood will have gone – the Aristocracy of Gold has come and gone, that of Talent (Head) will have also come and gone – and the Aristocracy of Goodness – which is the Democracy of Man – the Government of All, for All, by All, will be the power that is. Then what men may we not look for! Hitherto our Hero has been of Force, his symbol the Sword – or the Sceptre of command. It will not always be so. We are now developing the Hand – and shall one day the Head – and then the Heart. all this is conformable to Christianity.

I think Jesus saw the great Law of Man's nature – and taught absolute Religion – Religion with no limitations; free Goodness; free Piety; free Thought; the free development of man's consciousness. By the reception of that are we to be "saved" – the world saved by that process – what men and women shall we not raise up! In prospect of that how little seem all the "Sects" from the "Catholic" to the "Unitarian" – and how melancholy all the swelling insolence of some Hero of a coterie – a

May 8 J

Saint in long clothes — a Demi-God who at best can fill a — Surplice! Yet how encouraging is it to work! Men tell me of the littleness of Men — I see it — feel it —; of their folly, Stupidity, sin, — I feel that and know it well enough. But I say — well, we have had a Jesus — and see what comes of that Jesus — I am full of Hope. I see each day more good in man than I knew of before, and trust men more than ever, and am less often deceived. God is in History — slowly getting incarnated! — well, here I am at the end of my Paper and a hard day's work — before that began — so good night.

Yours ever

T. P.

West-Roxbury 14th June 1847.

My Dear Friend,

Would teach me "chirography"! as if my handwriting was not the best in the world! I am offended. They say that 'Sam Jo.' is a good man, I do not believe it. He offers to teach me "chirography". That is an insult — a downright insult — no frequency of repetition makes it less. You must have told other persons of your intention, for several others have intimated similar things; certainly the thought could not be original in so many. I forgive every body but you. I shall hate you forever.

Alas me! I am so well this year that I shan't take

May S. J.

any vacation – so busy that I mean to work all Summer, so poor that I can't afford to travel. So my Health my Business and my Poverty make a Trinity of Reasons against my doing what would be so very agreeable to do. But don't tell any body of the latter reason – for while there is this world of misery about me in Boston, and some of my own Kin leaning a little on my shoulders, and the Anti-slavery men wanting money for their work – I grudge every dollar which I pay to the Butcher and the Baker, for myself. So I must defer to get another year my payment of your last year's kindness to me. –

I wish you could have come to Boston on anniversary week. Our "Holy-week" as one of the "Brethren" called it – your "Passion-week" as John L. Russell said it was. We had a little council of Reformers at my House and looked for you – but you came not. I am glad that you preach to the young men – shall try and hear you –. Do tell them not to become sectarian but human as they will, and divine as they can. The Unitarians are getting shockingly bigoted and little; their late meetings were windy; they went to ventilate their narrowness, yet how contemptible must be a sect who only deny the Divinity of Christ – affirming a denial, their life the development of a Negation. Anniversary week had pain-fully – little of the Channing, much of the Norton – bating his Scholarship – more of the Dewey – cunning, specious,

May. 8. J.

superficial and worldly. The Universalists are more human than we; they declare the Fatherhood of God — and do not stick at the consequences — Everlasting Happiness to all men. I think they are the most human sect in the land. They had an address on Temperance, one on Slavery, one on War delivered before their ministers on Anniversary week! think of that. We whose "mission it is to be silent about Slavery" and I suppose about War, Intemperance and all other sins that every body has a mind to. Do tell the youngsters to be Men — not merely dawdling ministers with no more (letter to-day) than a Pack of cards — They never will ask me to preach to them, and I hope they won't — but I rejoice in your opportunity to teach them how to love the unlovely and to overcome Evil with Good. I shall rejoice much in seeing you while you are here — and shall take opportunities to that effect. I always send you all the things which I print — "Polishing classes," "Dangerous classes," "Immortality," "Merchants" &c. The last I send again today and am

Yours Heartily

Theo. Parker.

May S. J.

West-Roxbury 14th August 1847.

Dear Friend

I saw your sermon on Human Nature in the Standard and like it much – its general views and its special none the less. You will see the Prospectus of our new Journal on the next page. Dr. H. keeps still his interest in the work – but I thought his name had better not appear among the "wise master-builders" lest some should suspect that he was abandoning his duty to the Blind who have no eyes to attend to the Blind who have eyes but see not.

If you will ask Mr. Wilkinson to let us have an article on the constitution of New York, by the beginning of October – we shall be exceedingly glad of it. Please let me know whether he says yea or nay. I have not yet seen your sermon before the School – and think it is not out. Jas F. Clarke is to resume the "Christian World" – and be helped by J. A. Andrew, J. T. Browne and Dr. S. G. Howe, while Channing only owns, but does not (mis-) conduct the Paper any more. The world goes on about as usual – but is on the whole mending a little, tho' still is weak and low.

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

May S. J.

Boston 11th September 1847.

Dear Friend,

I did not send the Books by Mr. Allen for the reason that I did not get the letter till after the time in which it was to depart from B. and in the meantime I had a letter from A. stating that he was at Washington. I shall send you a dozen by Mr. M. whom I have just seen at Munroe's. They will cost you but 90 cents a piece; the trade price is $1. and the common retail $1.25. — I see a notice in the North British of my Translation of de Wette, in which the author shews two actual blunders of mine, and makes one gross one himself: such is the frailty of both translators and their critics. I am glad to have the blunder shewn that I may correct it. — I like your Sermon much; it will do the young men good; I am sorry you did not add what you mentioned to me. — I shall depend on Mr. Wilkinson for the article on the new constitution of New York. I hope he will show 1. what positive excellencies it has that are new, 2. what actual deformities there are, and 3. what doubtful matters of questionable tendency and what improvements it might receive. I don't believe that he will forget the Negroes. — I have run over Davis' books. It is marvellous at any rate. They say that D. is dull, and stupid in the common state. Bush will have it

May S. J.

that D. has analyzed a Book in the magnetic state which he never saw - or heard of(?) in the waking! You see the influence of Swedenborg and Fourier obviously in the book! It has much that is noble, but much that is moneous and a deal that is fanciful. I have not read the whole and am not now fit to judge the Book; its spirit is beautiful. I hope you rejoice to see Ch. F. Adams' Paper in the Examiner. Sumner asked him for it! Your Nephew Sam wrote a fine letter about the Pro-slavery ministers — Wife sends her best love & so do I.

Yours truly

Theo. Parker.

Boston 16th September 1847.

Dear Friend

Your last went to Roxbury and I did not get it till yesterday when it was too late to attend to your commission. The Translation of Nathan the wise by Taylor was published in his characteristics of German literature; if I can find a separate copy I will send one. I doubt that I shall find a copy of the original in any of the Book-stores, but will try - if so it shall be sent by Crosby or Sam May. I will do as you say by Br. Beriah. Pray stir up Mr Wilkinson to write us the article on the New York Constitution for the March number; we should like to make it the

May. S. J.

first article. Do you see the North British! there is an article about my translation of de Wette; the author points out two actual blunders of mine – in translating from Eichhorn – but makes one gross blunder himself – the Hercules of North Britain.

with many regards
I am
yours truly
Theo. Parker.

West – Roxbury 11th August. 1848.

My dear Friend,

"Let it alone this year also" was the request once made, and I must make it again. I wish I could do as you say. But no. It is harder for me to leave my place, than for most men. Do you belive that George Briggs would dare preach for me! No. No. Sir ee! He would as soon dare say "Boo"! to his great namesake! Now I want one of these years to take three months and go to Philadelphia, Syracuse, the Western Reserve in Ohio – and numerous places in the West "strengthening the Brethren" in the "way that some call Heresy" – but which is the Faith to be delivered to the Saints.

I am glad you go to Buffalo. I go not. I preach so much about national naughtinesses that in action I stand aloof from all caucuses and conventions – lest I

May S. J.

should become mixed up with a party and so be unjust to all but my own side, in which case I should preach no more on Politics. But I do preach on such matters – and I – don't think me very wicked – I do vote. Yes. I vote when I can find any thing vote-worthy. Now I think cunning Van is note-worthy, but not vote-worthy. He is a Boy – to the manor born. Naughty men say he is the Son of Aaron Burr, but as Aaron was so very virtuous it would not do to suspect him, yet there is a certain spiritual similarity between the two worthies – which I do not account for by any filiation of one from the other. Oh – the downfall – if the conscience of Party pins faith on such a sleeve! Still I shall say nothing in preachments against Van – only mourn that such fine gold – as the great principles of the North – should be put on the back of such a _____ as Van.

Some other year – if it can be – I will come and pay you my debt and fulfil my passion of visiting the churches. Do you know that – wicked man as I am – I have often been invited to go out to Ohio – now here & now there – and preach Absolute Religion – mere Piety and mere Goodness – enforced by the example of Christ? Well so it is – and so one day I may do.

Good bye

F. P.

May S. J.

Boston 4th November 1850.

My dear Friend,

I think we must have a State Convention of the People of Massachusetts, to consider the condition of the Fugitive slaves and other persons under the new Law, and to inquire what we are to do in these premises. I hope there will be such conventions in all the Free States; then I hope there will be a national convention of delegates from all the Free States, for the same purpose, — delegates as numerous as Senators and Representatives to Congress. Write me what you think of it, and set the thing a-going in New York if you like it. Here in Boston we fairly frightened the Slave-Hunters out of town by the most peaceful measures. I had an interview with them, to tell them that they were not safe in Boston, and the greatest Russian (Hughes) was fairly frighted. They confessed that they were satisfied that they could not arrest Ellen and William Crafts, and if they did could not carry them out of the town; they complained that they were ill-treated; when they went into the streets "the people got round us and called out 'Slave-hunters! Slave-hunters! There goes the Slave-hunters'"! But we will not hurra till we are out of the woods. Ellen Crafts was within gun-shot of their lodgings most of the time they were here! Three new Slave-hunters came here

May S. J.

Saturday Night — we heard of it "providentially". I will tell you how some time — for walls have ears. Present my gratitude to the President of the Rail-Road for his noble deed. Tell Ora there are many maidens looking westward for some Bethlehem Star. Give best Regards to Mrs M. and all.

Yours heartily
Theo. Parker.

Day before Preaching Day.
April 26th 1858.

Dear excellent Sam Joe May,

I received your note a great while ago with $17. which is 1.70 too much, for 17 × 90 = 15.30. as the ex-master of a Normal School ought to know, therefore consider that I. O. U. $1.70. which you are to remind me of when you — can catch me! No I can't come to Syracuse — for I must go to Pennsylvania with a Niece who is to have a School in York (Adams Co. Penn) and that journey will 1. use up my money, and 2. my time. _____ Thank you for your brave good sermons that I hear of from Horace Mann, and from other quarters too, and all the good words and good works & good words that you are continually running over with. My poor sermon attracts abuse as readily as honey draws flies. The Couriers and Advertisers and Transcripts and Expresses are "down

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upon it" I am told – "like 1000 of Brick." I never hear it, nor see it. But men in the Street look long-favoured at me as I go by. Nevertheless the good God lets the rain rain on me, and the sun shine, (I saw my shadow today) and I am allowed to ride in the Cars and walk on the sidewalks!

"Bro" Garnett is in a terrible flare because some persons think the Black men of Boston ought to be looked after; "this comes" – said he of Coolidge who prayed for Simms – "this comes of a man's isolating himself from the Boston Association"! Think of that, you who were never deemed worthy to attain unto eternal life – in that Sense! You don't know what Bro. Young said when asked to read Simms' Petition for Prayers! "Nno I shan't read it"! "But why not"? said Sargent who went with the request. "I never pray for any body but my own Parishioners" answered Young.

Love to all and good bye

S. P.

Boston 17th June. 1851. C

Dear Friend.

I will try and write so plain that You can read all the words. I write on the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill because I know you were

May 8. 9.

one of the chief contributors to the Monument fund and will be pleased to be associated with any battle, you son of a C o l o n e l you! So much for the time of writing; now for the matter in hand. I have just had a letter from Dr. Otto Fock - Professor of Philosophy at Kiel in Denmark, - who wants to come to America. He is about forty years old, learned and able, but, alas, a Republican! He cannot live in Germany, the Police look after him too sharp; can we do any thing for him here? He is learned and industrious - will work - can we find a place worthy of him? He has written a valuable Book - History of "Socinianismus." Perhaps he might write an "excellent T r a a a c t" for Father Briggs, or prove that the Apostle Thomas was a Unitarian, or if not Thomas, then at least Jude or Judas. Besides Dr F. another German Doctor of Philosophy has written for the same purpose, to find a home in America. He is a philologian, Dr. Lobeck from Königsberg, a learned man; librarian of the University at that place. He has written some books - and has been an Editor of a Volksbote (Peoples Messenger) and is a Democrat. Do tell me if we can do any thing for these noble-hearted men.

I hope you will not let the Committee appointed by the Ministerial Conference, go to sleep. We must have the meeting and do our prettiest to have justice done at it. Perhaps it would be well for you to stir up "Bro' Hall," to greater diligence in this matter.

May 8 J.

For I fear that Evil Counsels may yet prevail.
With best regards all round, believe me
Yours heartily
S. J. May. Theo. Parker.

Boston October 2d 1851.

My dear Friend,

I think I will come to your quarter of the world — the 4th week in January, that is, I can leave home on the 21st of January, if you wish me to do so; then I will preach for you — lecture for you, do any thing for you.

Mr. W. thought they should not be quite ready for me at Buffalo in November, so I gave up that time.

So you also have had a Resene; God grant it may turn out to be a real and final one. I am deeply rejoiced at the fact that the Negroes shot down the Kidnappers at Christiana, and wish they had done so in Boston and every where else. I always offered to furnish any good and true man with the means of self-defence against kidnappers. But how the matter goes on at Buffalo! the town of Mr. Fillmore. He had the creature here a few weeks ago. I think he is the most contemptible President that ever sat in John Tyler's Chair. But I suppose the Whigs will try him again, and the democrats will elect a worse man — Senator Douglas.

May S. J.

Well, so the world goes.

I sent you a sermon some time ago. I wish you could get some one of your newspapers to print the portions relating to the Jury trial, rights of Jury &c. I send another Copy with the passages marked. With kind regards to all

truly yours

S. J. May. Theo. Parker.

P. S. I have not preached since for you – Melodeon repairing, could not get the Masonic Temple, would "hurt the reputation of the Building".

Thanksgiving night
November 1851.

My dear Mr. May,

I expect to be a grandfather one of these days, and then shall be reading Dutch or writing to you, (as now) on Thanksgiving night. But as I am not a grandfather now – and have no children to gather under my roof – I keep this day after rather a dull and mouldy sort, as monks do in their cells, – reading Dutch Books, or some other light nonsense of that sort – say Ulphilas' Version of the New Testament into the Gothic language or regaling myself with the pleasing fancies of St. Chrysostom, or the venerable Bede. Nay, Thomas

May 8 J.

Aquinas comes sometimes and comforts me on Thanks-giving day after the sermon. Well, that is enough about myself. Now a word about Saml Jo. May. When we received his letter here, we did not believe it, we knew him better; we had intelligence by the under-ground telegraph that Mr. May was the head and front of the Mob at Syracuse, that he mounted the Horse called in heaven Steadfast, and on earth Immoveable — took the sword which his venerable father the Colonel formerly wielded so terribly on Election days, and shouted; — "The sword of the Lord and of Sam. Jo!" "A bas Millard Fillmore"! "Down with the Kidnappers"! "Give em —— ! —— em"! and rode through the town on the same gallant beast, whose vigor Mr. Bradford and I know very well. Yes sir, we know who it was that broke the marshal's arm. But we never trumpeted the story abroad. After the Resene trials are all over — and you are acquitted of the crime of Treason — we shall publish the true account of your exploits in the — Christian Register. Then see what they will say of you at the Berry Street conference. You will never preach the Great and Thursday Lecture again; no sir, it is doubtful even if you ever hear it again. Bro. S. will drive you away from his own door!

Good bye. Love to all.

Yours

T. P.

P. S. Have not heard a word about the lecture.

May 5 9

Boston 15th Dec. 1851.

Most Christian and traitorous Friend.

I have just written to Mr. Harvey of Buffalo accepting his invitation to lecture there on the 30th of January. So I will preach for you the next Sunday. Feb. 1. But I have heard nothing from your Friends who were to write me about other lectures.

I have just got out an edition of my Speeches addresses and occasional Sermons, 2 vols 12mo. (costs $2.50 retail). I shall send you a copy as soon as I find a hand reaching out in that direction. Love to all.

Good bye

yours

T. P.

P. S. Is not it rich that G. T. Curtis sues Mann's Publishers for a libel on him — the Union made manifest in the flesh — in Curtis is zeal in him. I hope Mann will defend the case.

Boston February 16th 1852.

My dear Mr. May,

I hope you are no wickeder than when I saw you last, tho' I left you with the "Devil." I found all well at home and full of kindly inquiries for you and yours. I returned in season to attend a meeting of my friends on Thursday night at home, and was

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not only none the worse for my journeyings and lectu=rings, but a deal the better for drinking a little at your fountain of manly strength and manly love. I hope to go many days "in the strength thereof."

Well there are many things I must write about. Here is one— It seems to me it will be foolish to send "Jo." to Troy and then send him to Cambridge. The Trojan time would be wasted; he will learn better at Cambridge what he would study at Troy; and learn much more besides. Then we will go over and look after him now and then— I mean "Aunt May," and Abbie and I, and see if President Sparks sews him up in the skin of some Ox newly slain, and will tell Jo. to kick like the ——, and then Abbie shall rip the threads and let out the Sophomore, and Sparks shall hurt him no more.

"The Rev. Miss Brown" was to have preached for me yesterday afternoon. But there was a blunder made by "Miss Dr. Hunt", touching the time, and so between the two Doctors we fell to the ground. She was to take up Pauls' text, "I suffer not a woman to teach"— and "pitch into" the poor apostle, adding a peril that he never dreamed of— the peril of woman! The apostle escaped— but only for a week. Miss Brown is on his track. Really we must have an "Association of ministers" that will license maidens as well as men to preach. You must be the head of it, must organize

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it, (and write its letter missive), call it together &c. Here are Sargent, Miss, perhaps Stetson, and Stone, and others. We might make a nice association with the apostolical power to bind and to loose; we might vote that we alone had "the apostolical suc͝a͝w͝a͝ suggestion," — "none genuine unless signed Saml. J. May"; that we were infallible &c. Then we might license and do all matters and things pertaining to the function of the association of Congregational ministers. Do think of this seriously.

Then about the Indians. I saw Dr. P. It was after dinner, and if he had been an unordained layman, I should have thought that he had a "Brick in his hat," but I should repel the suspicion that this could ever happen to a D.D. — one of the Fathers of "our views," who has written some of "our excellent tracts," and is, besides, the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians (and others) in North America". I informed him of your doings, &c. "I was afraid" said that Rev. Divine "that in the f-o͝o — o͝o l-i s̃h course he he͝a͝s pursued, that he had ju r-g͝e͝ o͝t͝en the Ind-yan! I find he has lawst â-a͝u͝l of his i n flooence as a minister of the S͝e͝ a͝w͝spel." Still, I told him of all that you had done, the Meeting House that you had built, the school House, and the double dwelling House. I told him how you mortified the flesh with a Buffalo robe, making yourself all things to all men that you might by all means save a squaw, and he was delighted.

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So I told him of the dogmatic difference between the Pagan Indians and the Christian Indians; the one called the Great Spirit Ka-ka-gee-ga-wah and the other Ka-ka-gee-ha-wah, (I supposed). But the practical difference was that the Pagans made the women do all the work and the Christians did it themselves. He was yet more delighted, and began to think you were not so bad as he at first thought. Still "he put himself in opposition to the gover-ment said this Christian Father. Just as I was coming away I told him that there was not a young man in your society that habitually drank even wine, and then I fled.

Well, such is the report of my dealing with Dr P.

We all send love to you and yours. You must give mine to Mrs M. to Auntie, Charlotte, Bonnie, Jo, and John Edward, and believe me truly

S. P.

Boston 7th March. 1852

My dear Mr. May,

It grieved us all very much to hear of your misfortune; the downfall of the Spire. It was undoubtedly the work of the "Devil" who, as Cotton Mather says, has a particular spite against meeting-houses, and, in his capacity of Prince of the Power of the Air, smites

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them with lightning. As Dr. Franklin has taken the lightning out of his hand he – poor Divil – has nothing but the wind left to strike with.

I mentioned the case at meeting today, and stated the circumstances, and asked any one who had any offering to make to give it to Francis Jackson. I think we shall send you some little trifle; we are not rich – you know, but will do what we can. I shall write you again soon. This week I go to Maine and start tomorrow at VII ½ and lecture Tuesday night at Rockland (Thomaston) then at Belgast, then at Portland. When I return I will write you again. We all send love to all. God bless you.

Yours truly
Theo. Parker.

Saml J. May.

P. S. You will have a little sum coming to me from the Books you offered to sell – please hand the sum to the Church – as my gift.

West-Newton 14th June. 1852.

Dear May,

I have been pondering so long over your letter in order to return an answer in a definite form – in respect to "Jo" and his college.

1. Then I would waive all the pecuniary consid=

May S. J.

erations, for if you decide to send him here I think we can "scare up" money enough to pay the odds in the pecuniary cost of the two places, and hold you harmless. I should speak to Uncle Sam, and to Hamilton Willis, of whom I think better than your cousin Sam (or Francis Jackson) does — [But then you know I am everlastingly thinking too well of individual men, and it is said of me that I am "too severe on Sin, and not sharp enough on Sinners"; a fellow-feeling makes me wondrous kind. But all this is parenthetical so I put a]. I beg you to consider the matter of $$ disposed of, and consider.

2. The academical advantages of the two colleges. at Cambridge he will get (1.) more stylish, a more gentlemanly and man-of-the-world manner. (2.) He will become acquainted with some 100 or 200 of the young fellows who will be among the leading men of New England for the next fifty years. I say among the leading men, the leading men who actually guide the Business, the Politics, the Church [and the Literature - perhaps] of New England for the next fifty years will not be educated at Cambridge. President Sparks will have little enough to do with making or marring them I take it. No leading Merchant, Politician or Minister in New England today was educated at Harvard I think. (!!) (3.) He will acquire the literary manners of a college better at Cambridge than Rochester or New Haven. I mean, he will have more bon mots &

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eminent men, (and eminent women,); more anecdotes; more gossip about great men – and little men; more classical knowledge which is got without study; more scientific knowledge picked up from lectures and without personal investigation. He will learn more of art – painting (the Athenæum gallery will show him "the Masterpieces of Boston" (!), Music, (the concerts and operas of Boston will be within reach.) He will have the stimulus of a great library, of a fine collection of philosophical apparatus, of the zeal of Agassiz and Wyman – both eminent men. He will (have the help of Longfellow – who is a real good fellow, not overlaid by his wife, nor made a missionary of by her father, – of Walker, whom you know as well as I do. Then he will get the quickening influence of a great city – Boston and its vicinity give a little electricity to the Atmos=phere of Harvard. —— I believe that is all the good I can say of Cambridge. You know the preaching of the Chapel – the academical mode of inspiration. Francis and Noyes – you know them both. Dr. N knows the odds betwixt τ & –. [That is Hebrew and if the Rabbi is not at hand you may skip it or read tweedle=dee & tweedle dum.] Dr F. knows, – he knows all the Books in the world – and is a dear good soul. But he has not inspiration enough to fill the little air=vessel of the smallest Theological poly=wog ever spawned by the Unitarian Bull=frog [Rana grunnins

/ wholly

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theologicalis, is the scientific name] at Cambridge. No - not he, no, not both of them. Their preaching is a Night-mare; it is Death-in Life, to the young men; to the old it is Death unto Death. But a Night mare never hunts a corpse. There is little inspira=tion at Cambridge — except at Mount Auburn.
This is the current creed of the University, the academ=ical creed: 1. Riches is the summum Bonum; 2. Respectability, i.e. the Praise of men, is the Bonum secundum; 3. Education is to give a man power to use Men for his own purposes, i.e. to get the summum and secundum Bonum. 4. Education consists in having a good deal of what every body not educated has a little of. 5. Religion means attending the most respectable church in the neighborhood, but without belief in the real God, or actual men. 6. Democracy is to be tolerated — because "established by the constitution of the United States". 7. Philanthropy is to be ridiculed at all times, — it is Fanaticism. 8. Daniel Webster is the greatest man that ever was, or is, or will be, and the Fugitive Slave Law saves the union. 9. Messrs Sparks and Prescott and Ticknor are the greatest Historians of the country, Mr. Everett its greatest scholar, Felton its ablest Hellenist, [not in the infernal sense] Longfellow the greatest Poet, and Tutor Bowen a man so great that the Board of overseers could not "hand him in". Pierce is the greatest mathematician in the world, and Agassiz the

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greatest Naturalist — so great that if he and Nature happen to differ, Nature must give way. The greatest preacher — the University is silent on that head — adhuc sub judice lis est. Drs Parkman and Barrett are the two competitors Arcades ambo.

That is the state of things at Harvard; such the advantages. You must make such allowances for the freedom of letters as the case requires. Now you know Rochester better than I do. I suppose in all the Accidentia of a college it is inferior to Harvard. — But its men will probably have zeal and enthusiasm. The young men will be mainly poor men's sons — not well-dressed, not well-mannered, but well-minded, diligent, with fire in their blood. The Pulpit I take it is taller at Rochester than in Cambridge but narrower too. Still he is not far from you. $50. will give him all the masterpieces of literature of the Greeks, and the Latins and the English. He can study French and German — Italian I suppose, is not so well taught as at Cambridge — but perhaps better learned.

Yet if I had a son — living as I do in Boston — I should send him to Harvard — juxta-position is something.

You ask what the Unitarians did at their meetings. The Unitarian Association did — .o. the Conference did — do. Morrison milked away at the old Unitarian bether, and several of the Brethren

May S. J.

held the sieve in the forenoon. In the P.M. A. P. Peabody took his turn at the udder with a similar result. Dr. Noyes, expressed his delight at the milking. I went elsewhere, and kept away from the scene.

Give my love to all and believe me
truly and Brotherly yours
T. P.

West Newton 26th July. 1852

Dear Mr. May,

This is to introduce to you Mr. E. H. Chesney, who seems to be a quite hopeful young man. I have never seen him, but for some time felt a good deal of interest in him. He is striving for Education — i.e. for the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth — that he may impart it to other men.

Yours faithfully
Saml J. May. Theo. Parker.

West Newton 4th Dog Day [28th July] 52.

Dear Mr. May

I want to know if you know any thing about Mormon, and Joe Smith? I have 1. the Mormon Bible, 2. Kane's Account of the Mormons, 3. Mr Mayhew's (English) account of the critters. Now I have a dim

May S.G.

reminiscence that you—or somebody—told me a good deal about Joe: can you refer me to any works relating to this matter as you are Episcopus in Partibus Infidelium and look after Indians, Drunkards, Slave-drivers and other Heathen—perhaps you take also a few mormon Eggs into your wide nest and sit on them from time to time. If so you may know something of the "goosie goosie gander" that laid them.

Have not heard a word as to Joe (Joe May this time) and his Cantabrigian proclivities; not a word from Sam (Joe) as to his visit to Pittsburg.

Only think of the Whigs and Demos! well both are bidding for Southern Favor, only one can get it; the defeated party—the Whigs this time—will make a bid for Northern Favor next time. The Boston Merchants begin to feel uneasy, and so petition for the recognition of Hayti—the Rats are beginning to gnaw a hole of escape out of the house as soon as it begins to fall. All the present will go in for the next administration I take it; the re-annexation of Cuba, Manifest Destiny and all. Then the Free Soilers will make a new party of Free Soil that will drive the Slave Soilers to their own place.

Love to all.

truly

Theo. Parker.

May. S J.

c

Boston 18th August 1852.

Dear Mr. May

I write you this in a shop in State Street — while waiting for a gentleman — and so I shall save a little time. If the writing is better (or worse) than usual you must attribute the difference to the influence of the goods about me. I am glad to know a person who knows something of Mormonism. Here are the points of Inquiry.

I. The Life of Joe Smith and an account of the mans works &c.

II. The Authorship of the Book of Mormon, &c.

III The Extent and Character of the denomination of Mormons.

IV. The doctrines of the sect, and a list of their most important Books — (Their "Excellent Tracts.") &c.

I want to make a careful study of the Mormons; to know all about them. If you can, get me any books, or documents and send them on to Boston — They may be left at Little & Brown's and will come safe to hand.

I hope "Jo" — I mean our Jo May — will have a "good deliverance" with the Rabbis at Cambridge, and a good time while there. I intend to go into Politics as soon as circumstances will permit, and am much

May 5 J

disappointed because I did not receive the nomination both at Baltimore and Pittsburg. I have got my Cabinet all selected. You are to be minister of Finance, a Philanthropist without a cent ought to be put into the national Treasury to fill up; then Adin Ballou will make a first rate Secretary of war; other offices I do not disclose at present. But be assured I shall "reward my friends and punish my enemies!" "First-come first served" is the rule.

Good bye.

T. P.

West Newton Sept. 25th 1852.

My dear Sir,

I thank you for the honor you have done me by your invitation to join in celebrating the rescue of Jerry from the hands of the government kidnappers in the city of Syracuse. I regret that I shall not be able to be present with you on that occasion and to say how much I honor the deed, the men who did it, and the motive which led thereto.

In general I dislike mobs, — even when they limit themselves to the negative work of preventing wrong. The regular forms of judicial procedure are a very important part of the defence of public and private liberty. But I respect the statutes which men have

This letter is in answer to an invitation to attend the celebration of the anniversary of the Jerry Rescue Case.

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made only so far as they embody justice and conserve the Unalienable Rights of men. When Statutes fail thereof, or go beyond that, I have no respect for them — more than for the dictate of an irregular mob, or the command of a despot. An unjust statute is not only morally void; it is positively wicked to obey it, or allow it to be enforced to the injury of innocent men. It is my duty to resist a wicked law by all expedients that are naturally just. For if there is a God who is the Author of Man and of the Universe, then man owes allegiance to that God, to the Laws of his own Nature and to the Constitution of the Universe.

This allegiance must override all claims of any human legislation, all claims of King Monarch, or of King Many. So far therefore as the statutes of men are just — conformable to the moral Nature of man, and the constitution of the Universe — they are entitled to obedience by the citizens of the country where they are made and known. But so far as they are unjust they have no claims to be obeyed; it is a sin to obey them. Who gave me the right to do wrong? I am bound to obey every natural Law of God writ in the Universe — as much as if it were proclaimed to me by an Audible voice of the Infinite Speaking at Sinai or Monadnock. Every thing is amenable to the Infinite God.

A government is a body with limited jurisdiction, and holds its office subject to the natural, universal

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moral Law of God, which is the norm of all government and the absolute rule of conduct for all mankind. The government of the United States is still further limited by the Federal constitution, which is the conventional norm of this government in particular, the rule of conduct therefor, provided by the people of America. There are therefore two checks for the American Government: the constitution of the Universe made by God; and the constitution of the United States made by the People thereof. So far as the government violates the first — it loses all natural claim to Obedience; if the last it loses all conventional claim thereto.

Now the present government of the United States — I mean the men who enacted the Fugitive Slave bill and seek to execute it — have not only therein violated the constitution of the United States, but have violated also the constitution of the Universe, and practically assumed unlimited authority by claiming the right to set the Law of God at defiance. Some members of the government have proudly and publicly declared that there was no Law of God higher than the Fugitive Slave bill. Clergymen, greedy for their recompense, have been found eager to sanction this claim of government, — to do it in the name of God! It has always been so: It is not open speculative Atheists that are the most dangerous to the welfare of mankind, but clergymen who in the name of Christ

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preach up despotism, and seek atheistically to preach down the natural Law of God.

Under such twofold misconduct, cases may happen in which there is no defence for individual freedom but to resist a wicked statute with the strong hand. For suppose (1) the national Legislature makes an unjust and unconstitutional statute; (2) next the Judiciary - which is composed of the creatures of the government, appointed for none but political merits - declares the statute constitutional; (3) then the Executive seeks to enforce the penalty of the statute upon some man who has been accused of violating it. He is to be tried by a jury. But the government - Judges allow no man to serve on the Jury unless he professes 1 that he thinks the statute constitutional; 2 that he has no moral objection to inflict the penalty upon a man who violates it; & 3 that he will take that for "law" which the court declares such. In such a case there is no protection for a man whom the government sees fit to destroy except in the direct interference of the people to prevent the contemplated wrong. For without that the government may be able to make any statute it pleases, and execute it on any man it may see fit to seize.

In the case of a man kidnapped by the officials of government under the Fugitive Slave bill, the peril is greater yet. He is to be "tried" before an official who is not even a creature of the government, but only a tool of the

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Court a creature's creature. Philadelphia, New-York and Boston and Buffalo have shown that the Court spawns a brood that

"outvenoms all the ~~vorms~~ worms of Nile."

That tool of the court is to decide, summarily, whether the person brought before him shall henceforth be treated as a Man or as a Beast: for the manly decision he receives but half the sum offered as a bribe for the beastly sentence. In this case the government, violating both the Law of God and the convention of men, proceeds to inflict the greatest possible outrage on a man and on his posterity forever: of course it makes use of such instruments as have been "conceived in sin," and have shaped themselves into further iniquity, men born and bred for the consummation of wickedness. Now when an innocent man is brought into the fangs of these creatures, and there is no other way for his escape, it becomes the Duty of the ~~freemen~~ about him to rescue him as they would from the jaws of a wolf, using any expedients that are just. A community that will not do this is unworthy of the name of freemen.

I rejoice that the people of Syracuse took Jerry out of the clutches of the kidnappers; that in the name of justice they trod under foot a bill which violates the constitution of the United States, the sacred and venerable customs of the Common Law, the principles of all Morality, of all Religion, and which sets at nought the Eternal Justice of the blessed God.

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My dear Sir, Boston had a glorious history — it was illuminated by many a noble deed. Great men have stood as Initials to every chapter of her ancient fame; you read them as you ran. Well, Sir, I had once hoped that Boston would add to her ancient renown by the continuous violation of the Fugitive Slave bill; but she forgot the granite that is builded into Monuments, at Lexington, at Concord and at Bunker Hill; she forgot the honor her citizen and their neighbors had won, and the services they had rendered to mankind by the destruction of Sea illegally taxed, and by their constant resistance to Oppression; — she forgot all this and thought only of the granite built into warehouses or Banks, and of the profits of her trade! With few exceptions, the politicians of Boston, the Capitalists of Boston, the merchants of Boston — and of course the Mouth-pieces of all these three — desired to enforce the Fugitive Slave bill in their city, and degrade a man into the condition of a beast; the government of Boston desired the same thing: — "It is a law" quoth they, "and so must be put in force". It was put in force — in a Court-House girt with emblematic chains; by two hundred police-men armed with bludgeons and naked swords, protected by armed soldiers — the celebrated Simms's Brigade. It was enforced to the delight of your native tories! Elegant women made no concealment of their joy that the "American Athens" had endeavored to make a man a more beast of burthen: when Boston had succeeded so well

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in making women into mere beasts of prey the delight was timely and consistent. Clergymen publicly thanked God for the event; "ministers of religion" came out in defence of kidnappers and kidnapping — for "the law must be enforced"! But at that time there were in Boston fifteen hundred rum-shops, in full, lawful and public operation, well known to the authorities of the place; every one of them in direct violation of the Law of the land! Austrian Haynau for scourging a lady naked in his camp, has himself run the gauntlet of Christendom and been brought to the gate of death in the Metropolis of both England and Belgium. But he denies that he did that deed. Boston cannot deny her act of shame: Posterity will be her earthly judge.

You know, sir, very well, the one great influence which determined Boston to forget her former history and to "conquer her prejudices" in favor of the Rights of Man and the Laws of God; — rather strong "prejudices" they were too in the days of Hancock and Adams. You know the reward Boston has had from the Slave-Power for her servility there; you know the pay which the South has given to the great Northern advocate of Southern mischief; you know the disposition he has since shown, and the "support" he now rallies about him. He was never limited to such "retainers" before! I wish the Muse of History could blot out the record of that man's fate and fall, and

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human pity could assuage the grief of greatness fallen to such a sad estate. But no, even Boston turns off the mighty man whose conscience she corrupted and lulled to sleep in her lap, and now refuses even to buy the talents she made venal long ago. It must be so.

"'Tis highest Heaven's command
That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue;
That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand;
And virtue's worthless foes be false to glory too!"

Sir, in a time of trial your townsman stood the rack; I think they had some preaching to encourage their faith, from a "Non-resistant" whose "piece" never hangs fire in the time of battle; who loves man because he loves God, and is a minister of Piety and Humanity, not of priestcraft. In the name of Justice the Syracusans trod down the Fugitive Slave bill. In the name of Man and God they set the tools of govern-ment at defiance and their Brother at liberty.

I say: Well done. Do it again if need be. Do it continually till the American government understands that tho' they make wicked Statutes in the name of "Union" and tho' the Clergy in the name of religion should call on all men to obey them, yet the People in the name of Man, and the name of God will violate any such wicked device, and bring it to nought. Then the Church will pipe a different tune and the State dance after a quite other fashion. There is no adequate security for the

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welfare of the People but a firm religious determination always to do right and never to do wrong, always to welcome justice for the government, but never to suffer injustice from its hands.

Hitherto I have not seen much to lead me to think very well of New-York Politicians — with here and there a memorable exception, — but I am glad to see cause to think so well of the New-York Men; — yes and women too, for I don't forget "the Thirty pieces of silver." I believe you have on the whole, the best State-Constitution in the Union. Now I think I see where it came from, and how you got it. I never knew before.

I am sure Posterity will honor the deed you wish to commemorate. I hope you will meet posterity half-way, and show how it may be done. It is a good thing to honor ancient heroism; a good thing also to honor such as equal or surpass it now.

"Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name,
Ye that in fancied vision can admire
The Sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre;
Wrapped in historic ardor who adore,
Each classic haunt and well-remembered shore,
Where valor turned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell
And fate and freedom in the shafts of Tell, —

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Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world to lie no more!
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And Stanley smile with vengeance in his eye!
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls;
Nor Tell disclose through peril and alarm
The might that slumbers in a freeman's arm!
— Yes, in that generous cause, forever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song
Still as the tide of ages rolls away
Shall charm the world unconscious of decay."

Respectfully & gratefully yours,
Theodore Parker.

Saml J. May.

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Two days after Mid Lent Sunday
A. S. March 5th 1853.

Dear Mr May,

One of the Compositers of Got has been perched on the wrist of my right hand for more than a week, so I could not write. I got your note and the information about Mr. Chesney. It is too bad you should bleed at the purse for him. I send you the money back. You gave him $15. Here is $20: send me back $3. for you sent me the full pay for all the Books — (Occasional Sermons) you had received of me, and a few days after a Universalist minister who had a copy from you came and paid me $2 more. So $15 + $2 = 17. $20 − $17 = $3. I send you the $20. and not the $17. because I find one of your neighbors in my pocket, a XX on the Rahway Bank. I suppose there is a discount on it here — I took it in New York, — but as good at Syracuse as any (New York!) money.

So much for the money. Mr. Chesney came here today. Non ex quovis ligno Mercurius fit!
I advised him to follow the primitive vocation of St Joseph. He looks lazy, talks lazy, and I fear is lazy. He is thirty years old, has been nearly four at Meadville and wants to go to — School! Four years from 26 to 30 at Meadville — why, it is enough to turn a Connecticut peddlar into a member of Congress. He does look Alcottian. I set him down for a Nunc-skull.

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He has been out of the school since July, eight months- has preached three times- worked about three months and done what with the other five! I gave him- advice! I am sorry I ever gave him any thing else. I think the "Am. Education Society" had better work him up into a "Minister" or a "Missionary" or a "Hawker and Pedler" (Colporteur). I know not what he will do. He preached one Sunday afternoon at Montpelier. I told him what you said about his Carpentering and the "too cold". Poor fellow! I pitied him. He does not know how hard are the conditions of success in this world. But enough of this.

Think of this- yesterday was the 3d anniversary of Mr. Webster's speech, March 7th, and Marshfield chooses as its delegate to the State Convention for revising the Constitution- Charles Sumner! the Whigs are badly beaten- beaten out and out. I am sorry that Mann is not elected, sorry that nobody put up Wendell Phillips- I wanted him in the convention. I wish you could see the Daily this morning. He is in deep mourning! Poor old fogy Daily! I really pity him. I wish you could see the article written I suppose by Mr. Charles P. Curtis in the Traveller about me- copied into the Daily, and then into the February No. of Littell's living age. Do look at it, and see what is said of men like Deacon May, and the Jacksons and all the troops who come to the Melodeon. ---

What a pity that I do so much harm- alas

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me— I fear that you will lose your reputation for orthodoxy, and if you should come here to Boston— I should not wonder if Father Briggs concluded that you were "not quite sound," "not altogether safe".

I hope you will be warned, give up the Liberator, the Standard, take the Daily Advertiser, study "our excellent Sr— ā— ā— ā-cts", and read Mr. Bartol's new volume of Sermons. Perhaps "Bro. Barrett" would lend you some of his M. S. sermons. Do this, dear Sam' Jo! and you will be like a bottle in the smoke, like wine which hath no vent bursting with Unitarianism!

Only think of what you said in your sermon, about eternal torment. (I've heard old Finney before,— of old; on the same theme, the same sermon, almost I think) If there is not an eternal Hell it will not be for lack of ministers to pray that you might be put in it. Said a British soldier— "ours is a most damnable profession"! What do you think he would say of that profession which sends the souls of men to H—ll!

good bye.

Love to all.

Yours for Orthodoxy.

T. P.

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1853.

Boston Good Friday. A. S. March 25th

Dear Sam Jo.

"If you have tears prepare to shed them now", for a most melancholy event has "turned up". It is terrible for "the Denomination" and all "interested in our views". I mean — howeso referent the

d — i — s — s — o — l — u — t — i — o — n
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L — e — c — t — u — r — e.

It did not die, it had not vitality enough for that. It was not killed. Nobody hated the Thursday Lecture, and it was too much out of the way to meet with any casualties. No, it could not die; nobody would kill it. But "it kind o' gin e out"; and so it was not terminated: nobody finished it: it did not end — but it was no more. We can not abit ad plures, (or ad pluras, or ad plura,) for it went no where. It was not. Atque non erat — was all you could say about it. The last time that it appeared extant and seemed to be a somewhat — your cousin F. W. Holland was in the Pulpit — and preached. After that the "Great and Thursday Lecture" was not.

So much for the misfortune of the denomination. Now to other things, and brighter. Will you tell me if I am expected to deliver a certain address in Syracuse, before a certain body of teachers, and

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at a certain time; and also what is the certain time, that I may be in readiness for the work. I hope you will continue to be here in May – your own blessed month – and attend "the Meetings of the Denomination". I understand an attempt will be made to put down such naughty heretics as yourself, men who do not believe that the whale swallowed Jonah – So if you are not, you may wake up some morning in June and find that the Rev. Samuel Barrett D.D. has cut your great head clean off while May slept. – – –

Tell me how dear good Mrs May is – and where Joe is, and how the nice daughter is, and John, and Bonny &c.

Yours

Theo. Parker.

I send a copy of my Sermon on Daniel Webster.

Boston 5th April 1853.

Dear Mr. May,

I incline to think that your teachers (inter nos) don't care much about my coming to lecture for them. And as I have a deal of work to do, and the lecture is not written, and as I have not much time to spare, I think it will be just as well that I should stay at home. It would not be at all

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possible for me to stop this time and preach for you— I am quite too busy— and I feel rather delicate in asking Sargent (dear good soul that he is) to preach for me.

The next time that I journey westward I trust I shall have a lick at your new pulpit. I do not know what will become of you— Pierpont there— Wm H. Channing and myself invited! Oh Sam. Jo! Sam Jo! what will become of you. I fear the wind or the lightning or some other irritation will sweep down upon you.

But you must publish your creed— Here is the form. Credo in Jonam Prophetam; qui deglutivit piscem grandem; et erat piscis in ventre Jonae tribus diebus, et tribus noctibus. Sicut erat in principio nunc est et olim erit in aeternum

But to pass to other things. I deplore the public controversy between these two excellent men; both are good fellows, but when they fight, no two bulls of Bashan were ever more violent, and both think they are gentle as sucking doves. I love them both and have tried to stand between them, and have ground off some of the edge of both their weapons. But alas they are sharp enough still.

I wish you would write to them both, and beg them to throw all personalities to the winds and discuss the matter at issue between them. Our anti-slavery friends are a little too sharp in their public condemnation of men who aim at the same end, but use different means of reaching it. I have been much pained at things written

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by both of these belligerent gentlemen. I wonder if any one beside old Dr. Ware — ever went through a controversy and "did not sin with his lips."

I am busy with much, — over much work — I have a volume of sermons which will go to press in a week or two. "Eight Sermons of Theism. Atheism and the Popular Theology." about 300 or 400 p.p. I hope you have got my reprint of the Webster Sermon; when I see you, you will tell me in what I have failed to be faithful. I have also a Sermon "Of the Ideal Public Function of Woman" in press. I hope to hear your address next May — and will keep you out of the terrible Class of Bro' B. By the way do you know that Mr. Lothrop fell down (getting out of a chair) and hurt his face badly! He is getting better. Ephraim Peabody is going to Europe this summer — He and Mrs Stowe will be there at the same time. Boston is a funny place. Wendell Holmes is delivering a set of 12 (very silly) lectures on the English Poets of this Century, which are much applauded by the — Daily Advertiser and Transcript. I make no doubt by other worthies of the same calibre.

Love to all — the sick and the well.

Good bye.

I will consider it fixed that I shall not lecture at Syracuse. I have an engagement in Boston for Thursday night of the week named, and so the day would not suit my arrangements.

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Newton Corner (near Boston)
23d September 1853.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that other duties render it impossible for me to attend the meeting at Syracuse to celebrate the second anniversary of the Rescue of Jerry from the hands of the official kidnappers on the 1st of October 1851. Since the Battle of Lexington and the Declaration of Independence, few events have taken place in America which better deserve commemoration. There are certain outward acts which represent a great principle of eternal Right; it is well to pause on each anniversary thereof and use the historical occasion to deepen in our minds respect for Justice, and the disposition to be faithful thereunto, even in the midst of peril. I rejoice in these Sacramental Days of America — thinly dotting the calendar of this young nation. If I were with you doubtless I should make a long speech; as it is I will say but a few words, which you can read to the audience.

We call our Government a Democracy, and profess to found it on the essential and unalienable Rights of Human Nature, which are equal in all men at birth: we declare that the only Function of Government is to preserve these natural, essential, unalienable, and equal Rights, for each and all the persons under its Jurisdiction. We go on to specify some of these Rights — and mention the Right to Life, the Right to Liberty, the Right to the Pursuit of Happiness, as things of the uttermost

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importance for the Government to preserve and secure to each person in the country, until he has alienated the Right by some positive action which has, in a formal and solemn manner been by the People declared unlawful. What just indignation is felt all over America when a Tyrant of Europe deprives his subjects, or any one of them, of these Rights! Not only America, but all Protestant Europe, was indignant at the outrage committed by the despotic Government of Tuscany upon the Madiai Family. The honorable interposition of the British Authorities found gratitude in the generous democracy of the United States. When an Austrian officer with the crew of a man-of-war's boat arrests a Hungarian claiming the protection of our flag, and the American naval officer clears ship for action, and runs out his guns, to protect the alleged rights of the victim of tyranny — what applause do the People bestow on the Officer who uses his power on the side of justice! But, yet, in defiance of our first principles of government, so often affirmed, so perpetually boasted of, the Nation deprives one seventh part of its population of the dearest of all natural Rights. Despotic Tuscany and Austria have never a slave; Republican America has three millions and three hundred thousand!

We admit no hereditary claim to political or ecclesiastical power; we will not tolerate the idea that a man can be born a Noble or a King, and in virtue of the accident of birth be entitled to rank and power

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irrespective of his merits and the consent of the people. If a new State should be formed, with an order of hereditary nobility, an immoveable Aristocracy bottomed on birth, that State would be hustled out of the Continent when she applied for admission into the Union. "The Constitution", Congress would say "requires a Republican Form of govern-ment." In this particular we stand alone in all Christendom. It is a most honorable solitude. But alone of all Christendom do we admit the idea that one man may be born a Slave, and other men may have irresponsible power over his time, his limbs and his life. "No King," says America, "has any right to rule against the citizen's consent: but a white man may steal at birth the black man's children and hold them as his absolute prop-erty all their life; may scourge, and maim, and mutilate, and sell them when he will." A Noble would destroy the Republic, a Slave is the necessary back-ground of democracy. To Heathen and aristocratic Seneca in Rome, eighteen hundred years ago, slavery seemed monstrous. To "democratic Christians" in America today it is a "most beneficent insti-tution," "established by God Himself;" "approved of by the Savior;" and "supported by the dear Apostle."

Just now Slavery is the favorite institution of the American Government; it yields to nothing; all gives way to that. The Constitution gives Congress no authority to establish slavery, more than to establish Buddhism, or an Empire; yet by the authority of Congress it exists in the

capital of the Republic, in some of its Territorial districts, and has been spread over nine new States. It thus lies and thus spreads in defiance of the Constitution. Laws of the "Sovereign States" are no protection to their soil. Federal slavery, horsed on a Statute, rides over all the Constitutions, all the Laws, all the Customs of the Northern Freemen. "Legality" the Kidnapper sets his hoof on the very spots of Boston earth which were made dear and sacred by the noble deeds and the out poured blood of our fathers. The American pulpit is the sworn ally of Slavery; the Negro's deadliest foe. I know there are exceptional Pulpits. I congratulate you that one of them is in Syracuse; — one which I trust no winds will ever silence, however often they may blow it down. — But how few they are! like lamps hung out from windows, here and there, on a country road at night, they only show how deep the darkness is — and what long miles of space are all unlit. The character of the American Church is one of the saddest signs of the times. What is preached as "Religion" and called "Christianity" demands Slavery as one of its institutions. If a man publicly doubts that God commanded Abraham to commit human sacrifice, he is set down as a "dangerous man"; even Unitarians and Universalists denounce him as an "Infidel." But a man may preach in favor of kidnapping men, in Philadelphia, New York and Boston; he may offer to send his own Mother into Slavery to "save the Union," and it shall not

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damage a hair of his ecclesiastical reputation. The American Pulpit dares not rebuke the public sin. Nay, it is thought indecorous in a New England minister to hide his own parishioners from the official Stealers of men. Beware him that wanderette is the clerical text.

In consequence of the existence of slavery some strange phenomena occur in the commercial morals of our land. If a ruffian, at the instigation of another, should steal a water melon from the shop of a certain colored citizen of Boston, he would be properly punished by fine or jailing; but if, at the instigation of another ruffian, he should steal the body of that colored citizen, tear him from his wife and children and doom him to slavery forever, he would be paid ten dollars for that work by the Government of the United States, and have the praise of the commercial Newspapers, and the blessings of the metropolitan churches. I cannot forget that I live in a city where a wealthy merchant stole a man, where Boston mechanics publicly boasted that they assisted in the theft and showed the money, the price of blood, in their hands; I shall not forget that the authorities of this city trampled on the laws of Massachusetts and the Rights of Man to kidnap a miserable boy; that they hung the Court House in Chains, and the judges of this Commonwealth crouched down and crawled under them; nor that the clergy publicly thanked God for their success in stealing a man; and that one of the most prominent ministers of Boston declared that if a slave asked shelter of him- "I

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would drive him away from my own door." Yet if an Irishman steals a yellow pumpkin he is locked up in jail.

Well: are you and I to stand still and see these things done? Am I as a Minister to witness the public denial of all the great principles of practical religion, and hold my peace; to see my parishioners stolen by the vilest of men, and never stir? We must make continual aggressions against slavery; resist its attacks, nay, invade Slavery in every suitable occasion and with every weapon that it is just, manly and effectual to use. All human enactments are amenable to the Justice of God.

Injustice mounted on a statute is not the less unjust; only the more formidable. There are some statutes so wicked that it is every man's duty to violate them. In the days of Bloody Mary, the Government made laws forbidding our Fathers to worship God: our Fathers broke the laws. The fire which burned their bodies lit a pathway across the sea: Faggots and the gallows did not make such laws clean or welcome. The atrocious laws of the Jameses and Charles's you know what obedience they got from Puritans and Covenanters. We are the children of those Puritans and Covenanters. Have we forgotten the blood in our veins? The American Republic is the child of "Rebellion"; the national lullaby was "Treason." Hancock and Adams slept with a price on their heads. Now it is an heir-loom of glory for all their Kinsfolk. Is not even America proud of her rejection of the Stamp Act, and her treatment of the

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"Stamp-commissioners"!

The Fugitive Slave Bill is one of the most iniquitous statutes enacted in our time; it is only fit to be broke. In the name of Justice I call on all men who love Law to violate and break this Fugitive Slave Bill; — to do it "peaceably if they can; forcibly if they must." We can make it like the Stamp Act of the last century which all Britain could not enforce against disobedient Americans. I do not suppose this can in all cases be done without individual suffering; loss of money, imprisonment — these must be expected. Freedom is not bought with dust —. I think Christianity cost something once — I mean the Christianity of Christ; there is another sort of "Christianity" which costs nothing — and is dear even at that price.

I congratulate the men and women of Syracuse on having resisted this Bill, successfully, openly, at noon-day. In her youth the City of Syracuse has done a noble deed which your children's children will be proud of, and when this anniversary comes round they will, each of them, say, "My Father was one of those who, in 1851, rescued a Man from the purchased stealers of men." That is an honor to be coveted. In the towns round Boston we have monuments which tell us of men who dared be faithful, and obey a Law higher than the mere caprice of governments — they stand at Lexington, and Concord, and West-Cambridge and Danvers, and Charlestown, to tell of famous deeds of old. None of them records a nobler act than what you

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are about to celebrate. But great virtue gets many a rub in the straight and narrow path, and cannot go through the world with a whole skin. We build monuments of dead men's bones; we must expect to suffer "inconvenience" at least.

The Government for the time being is the servant of the Slave Power; the past administration was no more; the present is of the same stripes. I suppose that whatever uniforms the future President may put on his flunkeys and footmen, he himself will be striped all over with the livery of Slavery for some years to come. He must not forget "the hand that feeds him". It is to be expected that the Federal Government will do its utmost to delight and flatter the Slave Power; will seek to make Slavery national and Freedom non-existent. The higher North the President comes from, the lower South must he go to. General Taylor could afford to be more anti-slavery than Mr. Fillmore or Mr. Pierce. Of course we are to expect that the President will allow South Carolina — the Old Fogy State — to violate the constitution and imprison all free colored citizens of the North who venture into her dominions; and that he will endeavor to enforce the Fugitive Slave Bill at the North, and to punish all who violate it. How can the South let him off with less; is he not bound to perform that function? Do the two Baltimore Platforms mean nothing?

The Federal courts, with the "commissions" which

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they create, are the tool wherewith this work is to be done; a tool more suitable could not easily be devised. The value of a good and noble judge can hardly be over-rated — a man who uses Law, and the judicial modes of procedure as an instrument for promoting justice and preventing wrong; who now resists the prejudice and fury of the people; then the prejudice, the crafty ambition and relentless hate of the Government; who always stands up for the Eternal Right; whom no Statute, nor Constitution, nor Ruler, nor People can ever force to do official wrong. Such a man deserves high admiration while living, and the hearts of the people when dead. But it is difficult to estimate the amount of iniquity which a base judge may do; a man with no love of Right, no conception thereof; now following the rage of the people clamoring for injustice, now shaken by the tyrant, thirsty for innocent blood; a man who abuses law as the tool for doing wickedness, — himself appointed to his post because he is mean and base — he can debauch the higher morals of the nation beyond what most men conceive possible.

You know how the Federal judges are appoin-ted in America; for what qualities possessed; for what services rendered already, or yet to be performed. You know what bias they commonly have. A short memory is enough to furnish us a long lesson — yes to create perpet-ual distrust of the United States courts in all matters where the freedom of the colored man is brought in

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peril. I believe no judge of any United States court has been found at all averse to execute the Fugitive Slave Bill "with alacrity," and "to the fullest extent". This need surprise no one. Does the whipping-master in the public flogging-house at Charleston or New Orleans, refuse to lay the lash on any bondman or bondwoman whom their masters send to be tormented under his hand? Does he ask any questions about the justice of the torture? He is paid to strike, not to listen to humanity. Injustice in these matters, is his vocation. He is to retail cruelty. This is one of the functions of the Federal courts — to peddle injustice with the Fugitive Slave Bill as their measuring pot. From these courts and their officers we are to expect the most strenuous efforts to enforce the most odious provisions of this bill. I shall honor fairness in these cases when I see it, but it is what I do not hope for; we are to expect injustice, and only injustice, and injustice continually. I hope nothing from the Court, only from the Jury.

But here there are two difficulties in our way. One is the traditional Respect for the courts of America. This is founded partly on the excellent character of some great men who have honored the Federal Bench. I speak with pride and gratitude of the really noble men who

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have administered Justice in these courts. But they have given that institution a respectability and venerableness which it is now fast losing. Still, the mass of men, who long over-rate the worst of rules, look with confidence to these courts, and allow their own Conscience to be over-ridden by men whom venality has raised to a high place.

The other is the claim of the Court to determine for the Jury what is Law. Here is an evil which assumes two forms. I. The judge charges the grand jury whom to indict: he assumes to be the Norm of Law for the grand jury; they must indict all persons who have done the deeds which he chooses to denominate a crime.

II. The judge charges the trial jury whom to convict; he assumes to be the Norm of Law for the trial jury; they must convict all persons who have done the deeds which he chooses to denominate a crime. Thus, the jury is only a two-edged sword with which the judge lays at any man whom the Government wishes to ruin. If he is the Norm of Law, then he may instruct both these juries that it is a violation of the Fugitive Slave Bill to read these words aloud out of the Old Testament; — "Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon-day; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let

May S. S. mine outcasts dwell with thee; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler." (Isa. XVI. 3. 4.); or this out of the New Testament;— "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." (Matt. XXV. 45.); and tell them they are bound by their oath to indict and convict any man who has read these words aloud. Nay, he may try and swear the jurors to accept his private and purchased opinion for national law and against the universal and unbought justice of the Eternal God. If the jurors consent and take the opinion of a judicial monial of the Slave Power for natural law and against universal justice, then what safety is there for any man whom the Govern= =ment wishes to destroy?

This is not theory alone: the evil is actual, is imminent, it hangs over many heads this day; over some of the best heads in America. In the purlieus of a Court-house there are always men like Empson and Dudley in the time of Henry VII. We found some of that family in Boston in 1851, greedy for notoriety (which they certainly got), and lusting for the price of blood. When a cabinet of successful politicians elevates such an one to office, and we have Empsons and Dudleys holding a "court," with the Fugitive Slave Bill as weapon, and obedient jurors as servants,— what safety is there for any man whom the cabinet, or the

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court wishes to strike! In Charles II.'s time, a "lawyer of profligate habits and inferior acquirements," "the sordid tool" of other men, was made a criminal judge. He once instructed the grand jury "that a petition from the Lord Mayor and citizens of London, to the King, for calling a Parliament, was high treason." Chief Justice Scroggs defiled the soil of Britain: it is just as easy to make Scroggs a judge in America — the material is always at hand. George Jeffries was not only Chief Justice but Lord Chancellor. Who knows how soon the noxious heat of Slavery may swell some appropriate fungi of the American bar into such judges as Jeffries and Scroggs, those poison toad-stools of the British Bench! All that is lacking is a submissive jury. And, thank God we have not yet found that even in Boston. No judicial "packing" has hitherto crowded twelve persons of that sort into one jury box. How soon it may I know not. Threats are powerful, and money seductive.

I take it in criminal trials the function of the jury comprises these three things; they are to ask 1. Did the man complained of do the deed he is charged with! 2. If so, is this deed, thus done, a crime according to the formal and constitutional law! 3. If so, then, shall this man, who has thus done the deed, be punished! If they answer Yes to all these questions, then the grand jury is to indict and the trial jury to convict him; if not, not.

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It seems to me that if the jury allow the judge to determine for them what is the law, that they betray their trust, and throw down the great safeguard of our civil liberty, the breakwater which fends us from the sea of despotism, whose waters cannot rest but cast up mire and dirt. All true democrats have a righteous horror of what is called Judge law, i.e. law manufactured by the judge to suit his whim, or the caprice of Government. It is as bad as King law or Mob law, and in this country yet more dangerous.

I take it, it belongs to the function of the judge to tell the jury what he thinks the law is, and the constitution is; then the jury are to take his opinion for what they think it worth. His opinion is one element, often a very important element, which they are to consider. Still, the jury are not a sub-ordinate but a co-ordinate branch of the court, and are not to shift the responsibility of this function to the shoulders of one who is perhaps only a creature of the party in power, put in office as a reward for his venality, and as an instrument to execute the unjust and unconstitutional purposes of the Government. They are to answer the three questions just named, on their responsibility, not on that of a judge. If he rules wrong and unjustly they are to decide right, for the jury are not a

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tool to do what the Government bids, but men to do justice before God. Surely, it does not stand to reason that the opinion of a drunken judge is to pass for law with sober jurors; that the opinion of a partial, prejudiced, unjust and purchased judge is to outweigh the Reason, the Conscience, the Heart and Soul of twelve impartial, unprejudiced, just and free men. Shall a Scroggs and Jeffries overawe twelve honest men, and force a jury, contrary to their own convictions of justice, to punish a man for keeping the golden rule, and obeying the holiest commands of the Christian religion? They could hardly do it when England was ruled by a despotic king. Can it be done now in America — in New York. Then let us go and learn justice of the Oneidas and Onondagas, for the welfare of future genera-tions is in our hands.

Faithfully yours
Theodore Parker.

May S. J.

Boston 24th October 1853.

Dear Mr. May,

I have not heard a word from you this long time; you seem to have forgotten how to write. No, I think you probably write to Presdt. Pierce soliciting the office of "Chaplain to the Navy" or something like that. I have not had a line from you this great while. I have not seen Jo since he entered college, and do not know what progress has been made in the process of mum-mi-fi-ca-tion. I was over at Cambridge the other day, and looked in at the Divinity School, and saw several of the Bodies which were waiting their turn. The operators were not in at the time, so I saw nothing of the modus operandi. The Egyptian embalmers took only seventy days, I think, to make a mummy out of a dead man. Unitarian embalmers use three years in making a mummy out of live men. I think at Meadville they do it in less.

Do you know Mr. Ripley of Newton Seminary? He does the mummeying for the Baptists. I saw him last July when he exhibited the result of his work. Pitch, gum, asphaltum had never done their work better. There stood the mummies dead and dry as Shishak or Shoo-shoo, ready to be ordained and set up in a — Pulpit.

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I hope you read the "Register" of last week, and the account of the "Annual Convention". What subjects for discussion! "Have we a litany amongst us?" Shall we have one? That is when the Rev. Mr. Peabody reads. "The Lord delighteth not in the strength of the horse," whether Saml Eliot and Tom Curtis shall respond — "He taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man," — or whether Peabody shall drone away alone to the end of the chapter.

Again: "On what terms shall persons be admitted to the communion?" i.e. "on what terms" shall an old woman be allowed once a month, in a meeting-house, on Sunday, to eat a crumb of baker's bread, and drink a sip of grocer's wine — which the Deacon has bought at a shop the day before?

What if nobody at all is allowed to come to the communion, will not Christendom be in just as good case at the year's end? what if every body eats the Soda Biscuit (Sannett thinks that is the "unleavened bread,") and drinks the wine — who is the worse for that? Dear me — what a world it is! Drunkenness all round us; covetousness eating the hearts out of society; the fugitive slave bill making it incumbent on a man to send back his own mother to bondage; ministers with kidnappers, members of their Churches, discussing a litany, and the terms of admission to the Lord's Supper! Bless

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me! if the Nazarene were there, at the Worcester Convention, I think he would have made a scourge of large cords, and let loose upon the assembly till there was such a stampede among the Brethren as one does not often see among the Reverend clergy. Well, the age is leaving these old Boys to their litanies, and their communions, and their miracles. What Politician, what Philanthropist, what Merchant (of any head at all) what Man of Science cares a pin for all this humbug! Religion rises early every morning and works all day.

Good bye

Theo. Parker.

Please write to me as Mr. not Rev dc.

October 24th 1853.

You love to hear and I to tell good things of doubtful men; here are two of Sam Eliot. Mr. Lyman (Mrs E's father) did not leave Mrs E a suitable portion of his Estate, so Theodore (the chief heir) and one other, sent Mr. E. a cheque for $100.000. with a handsome letter. E returned it next morning, with another handsome letter, declining the money, but accepting the kindness.

Again. Last winter a young man in

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the employment of a company which owns the Fremont House, was thought by the company rather doubtful in character, and unsafe to trust with so much money. E defended him, and induced them to keep him in his place. Soon after, the Knave forged their note (or some other paper) to the extent of $20.000. Eliot himself, paid it all. They said "no, let the company bear it." But E. would bear the whole burthen.

Day after second Preaching Day in March.
Second Monday in Lent. A.D. 1854.

Dear Beloved and most Reverend Father. +++.

I rejoice that thou art in so good a work as confuting the Heretics, who dare lift up their voices against the most ancient, most orthodox and infallible church of the Unitarians. It will be easy to show that the author of the fourth Gospel was a Unitarian — Yea a member of the Boston Ass. of congregational Ministers. Thus is the way reverend Father — Strike out all after Εὐαγγ ῆ and insert our "Excellent Tracts", the Apostle John a Unitarian. By a similar process it may be shown that the Apostle Paul was also a Unitarian. Nay likewise Peter; that the Author of the Apoca=lypse was a Non-Resistant. It is time in

May 9. the text he makes the "Lamb" take charge of an army of 200,000,000 horse and destroy one third part of the Human Race, and then tread the "wine-Press of the wrath of God" and slaughter men till he makes a blood-puddle on the earth 200 miles wide and three feet deep, and then there is quite a portion of "the rest of mankind" who are pitched down into the lake of fire whither Death and Hell - Θάνατος and Ἅιδης - had preceded them. But all this oh Father is a delu-sion of Σατάν - who will deceive the very Elect - if they do not keep a top-eye open and a bright look out. The Καινὴ Διαθήκη contains nothing but a revelation of the most mild and gentle characteristics of "God and the Lamb", - all else is a delusion of Sathan, whom thou will put to rout with the army of the Aliens.

I send thee oh father, a copy of a little discourse preached by thy son touching the Nebraska matters, and will soon send thee another - ad hunc sub Prelo sudans - more befitting thy venerable years, to wit, "a Sermon of Old Age"

Vale Pater dilectissime

Theodore.

May S. J.

Boston 27th March 1854.

Dear

שְׁמוּאֵל יוֹסֵף מַיו

Σαμουὴλ ὁ Ἰωσὴφ Μαΐ

Samueli Josephi Maio

Sam. Jo.

There you are in Hebrew, in Greek, in Latin and in English, nay, I wont let you off so here you are in Russian САМѢЛЪ ІОСИФЪ МАЪ. . So much for spelling me in Greek and calling me learned. You say that you are not so odious as Sam. Jon —. I never got at the cause of your offence till a few days ago when it was "communicated" by the late—no, the prompt Dr Pierce. This is it. You preached a sermon at the "Great and Thursday lecture", taking Dr. Parkman's place I think, before a very select audience, such as usually convenes at that place and time. You were in a little bad odor, says the Spiritual rapping Dr. Pierce, and wished to show that you had some grace, and so showed what Mr. Somebody, in "Pilgrim's Progress", says is the first sign of it, viz. a disposition to pick holes in the Saints coats. So you let in upon the faults of the Brotheren, and after enumerating a host of them thus concluded. "Dear Brethren, it pains me to say it, but it is true; most of

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you are so far behind the age – and all ages, past not less than present, – that you will hear nothing new till the last trumpet; then you will not rise in time to take part in the first resurrection, and will be up in season only to catch your second death. And now the Lord be with you! Amen"!

After that the Brethren thought you made "havoc of the churches", and doubted that you were a Peace-man. They decided that a man who entertained such an opinion of Unitarian ministers could not be a Unitarian himself, and voted "not to ask Mr. May to our Pulpits." How many men have extended the hand of the churches to you of late! —

I wish you would send me the Sermon Dr. Pierce quotes from – I should like to get a little wadding for my guns — – Do let me hear all that passes between you and Luther Lee. He once had a passage at arms with Mr. Alcott. —

Good bye Bro' Rabbi.

Yours truly

S. P.

May S. J.

2d Day after Arraignment
(Boston. 1. Dec. 1854) c

Dear Sam Jo.

You see by the Papers that I was arrested on Wednesday — Day before Thanksgiving for speaking at Faneuil Hall, and "had up" before the Fugitive-Slave Bill Commissioner — Ben Hallett and Ben Curtis — "Par nobile fratrem" — "two Brothers in Law." You kept out of hot water, oh Sam Jo! No, they would not take you before the court.

But joking a part — I think it quite a serious affair. I stand now in as important a position as my Hond Grandfather at the Battle of Lexington 1775. It is the Freedom of Speech which is assailed through me: the Government will do all its possible to ensure a conviction — so we "will see what we shall see". Love to all, good bye.

T. P.

Burlington Vermont. Feb. 11. 1856.

Dear Sam Joe. c

Your $18. came safe to hand. I have not found one copy of my Letter to the Boston Association, but hope to scare one up somehow. My new Edition of the Discourse will be out next week, and I will send you twenty-five,

May S. J.

one for you, and the rest on sale at $1.25. retail— $1.00 a piece to you. I have made some alterations of considerable importance as I do not now believe that John wrote the 4th Gospel— —— I cannot comprehend the spirit in which that Book has been treated by the Unitarians and the "liberal" Christians! I can now look at it as if you had written it, and not I. I have not looked into it since 1846 till last autumn when I revised it for the new Edition, and the criticisms made fourteen years ago quite amaze me. How can a man be so stupid and so wicked as to mistake the drift and purpose of the Book! But they did— the Register, the Examiner &c &c &c did. Orthodoxy Professor Porter in the New Englander, did admit and appreciate the religious aim and spirit of the Book, in a most kind and generous manner. But how the Brotherren mocked at it! I was a young man when I wrote it— not thirty. I wanted to dedicate it to Francis— he pushed me off with the most hollow timidity— good man tho' he is— and personal friend of mine though he was— and perhaps is yet. ——

Well, it did not break my heart, tho' I had to go to Europe for a year and take breath—. It is a strange world after all.

I will look after Joe when he returns

May S. G.

Wont you get up Petitions asking for the impeachment of Kane et id genus omne? It will run well just now. What a fix the President must be in! How he wants to put the United States army in Kansas and shoot down the Freemen! But he can't do it, he dare not do it. — Love to all.

Good bye.

T. P.

Newton Corner 15th July 1858.

for letter of Feb 11th see p. 211.

My dear Sam Go.

Many thanks for your kind letter — and special thanks for the good news about Joe and John E. It will be good to see the Boys home again, the sick one well, and better for his ailments! We will hope so. I go to Schenectady — and to Bowdoin college the next week, so I cant go to Syracuse, not even to see Archimedes and stand in his place, where I have not been this long time. I preach two Sundays more, then stop, and look to the time of rest with more delight than I used to feel, tho' less than last year. Since Jan 1. I have published two Anti-Slavery speeches, eight sermons, and two articles

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in the Christian Examiner. I hope you will read the last one on the material condition of Massachusetts. It is a state to be proud of - and does not quite bear out Mr. Senator Hammonds statement that the working people are all slaves!

I shall not be able to see Mr. Smith and Peterboro this season I fear. I am a little too tired to undertake new work. It will take me two years I fear, to get where I was in 1855-6. But I feel confident of it at length. Only one of my father's eleven children ever saw his fiftieth birth-day; he was sick from 45 to 48 or 49. I shall be 48 in six weeks. But I have to indulge myself in idleness for a while. I don't trust myself much from home, and shall not engage in lecturing expeditions which used to take the life out of me.

I saw your friend Mrs Davis and her book the other day. She was then in treaty with Ticknor for publishing it. She seems quite intelligent - but a little "hi-fa-lu-tin" between you and me; (it must not be said aloud!)

At Schenectady I shall give the same address I delivered at McGrawville in 1856. But I think you did not hear it then. It will give me great delight to lay hands on

P.S. We shall have to take Telegram for Boston

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you again. It is so long since I have seen you, only think of it, you were here last year, and I saw so little of you. I was then what the O. T. calls a Dead Dog ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ ——— now I am a little more living. Let me see the Sermon you so much disparage and I will send you mine, which has been stereotyped a week — but I have got no copies out here yet. We were to have a pic-nic 1200 or 1500 persons, but the weather spoils all! — Love to all. If you were a woman I would send you a Kiss. Wife and H— send their love.

Yours
T. P.

P.S. We shall have to take Felton for President of Harvard College for want of a better, instead of R. W. E. S.T.G! So Mann gives up the Palace when he was first called a Christian!

Boston 11th Feb. 1858.

Oh my dear Sam Jo.

Open thine eyes, look through thy spectacles, and thou shalt once more behold the elegant chirography of thy long silent friend. A year ago yesterday I was in the good town of Syracuse, but Archimedes was not there to welcome me. I had passed the night in the inundation at Albany; the pleurisy was in my side, the fever in my blood, and I have been about good for nothing ever since. This has been a stupid winter to me. I have less than half

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my old joyous power of work — hence I have not written to you these three months! I grind out one sermon a week, that is about all I can do. I have lectured 73 times — always close at hand — and have done for the season. Last year I lectured 80 times — all the way from the Mississippi to the Penobscot — gave temperance and anti-slavery addresses besides, and preached to two congregations, besides reading a deal of hard matter, and writing many things. I am 47 by the reckoning of my mother, 74 in my own (internal) account! I am an old man — sometimes I think of knocking at the Earth's gate with my staff & saying "Liebe Mother let me in"! I don't know what is to come of it. My Father died at [illegible]*, and I think had never a doctor after her eighth baby was born in her 36th year — or thereabout. But 9 of my 10 brothers and sisters are already gone forward — none of them saw the 49th birthday; one lives yet aged 60. There is a deal of work to do. I enlisted "for the whole war" which is not haly over yet.

I am glad you preach only once a day. I think the Society will not return to the old way. Bro' Dewey likes it, and other Brothers would try it if they dared. I trust you will be much better and that soon. It is the Joe-sickness that pulled you down. You took his complaint in your Heart, and so broke down. I know how

* a great hale man, sick ten days perhaps. My grandmother lived to be XCIII,

it was. Well, the good Boy will go to Europe. How I wish I had $100 to shoot him in this letter. But alack and alas, I am poor this time! I can't earn thousands of dollars by lecturing as hitherto; the factories pay nothing. So I must creep into my shell — which is "minished and brought low." I don't like to be poor and act poor too!

I send Joe, a letter or two — but I know few persons in Europe now. I hope he will see the Apthorps, now at Rome. If he goes to Neuchâtel he must see Desor. All my acquaintances in Germany are now old men. He has youth on his side — the dog, — which is a capital introduction to Nature and "the rest of Mankind".

The house is all well — and sends "love to dear Mr May", and his family.

good bye.

T. P.

Here are notes to all the People I can think of. J. wont want to see the theologic men I knew in 1846. Now they are as old as the hills! God bless the boy and his (naughty) father.

Ripley G.

To George Ripley.

The following paper was written by T. P. in answer to a request from George Ripley that he would furnish him some material for a biographical notice of himself.

August or September 1854.

Theodore Parker was born 24th August 1810. 11th child of John and Hannah (Stearns) Parker.

Theodore was the 7th in descent from Deacon Thomas Parker who came from Essex County England about 1630 to Lynn, was one of the first Proprietors and settlers of Reading — "one of ye Founders of ye church". The family of Parker became numerous; one branch settled at Lexington (then "Cambridge Farms") in 1710. They were wealthy farmers and mechanics — the same man both farmer and mechanic, workers in wood. Military men also.

John Parker the grandfather of Theodore was a soldier in the last French war of 1749–59. a sergeant. It is said he was at the taking of Quebec 1759. He was a strong Friend of Liberty in the ante-revolutionary period of American History. Captain of the soldiers at Lexington in the battle of Lexington, April 19th 1775. He formed the first line and drew the first sword in the revolution ordered his troop to charge their pieces with powder and ball. "Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they wish

Ripley S.

to have a war, let it begin here." These were his words to the 70 soldiers when the British (900 strong) were within sight and marching forward. After the third fire he ordered his men to "disperse, and take care of yourselves." He returned to the field soon as the British had left it, took one prisoner — a grenadier of the 43d regiment, and with him the first fire arm captured in the war of Independence Captain Parker was in the battle of Bunker Hill August 1775.

John Parker father of Theodore was a mill-wright and pump-maker, a general worker in wood, very ingenious, industrious, a farmer also, stout, able-bodied, "uncommon strong"; a man of much thought and reading, with fine powers of speech — both colloquial and oratorical. He was fond of mathematics, understood algebra and geometry. Plain and solid, was "great at figures". Also fond of metaphysics, psychology, and all departments of intellectual and moral philosophy, very well read in English Philosophy, an independent thinker in religion, a Unitarian, a painful controversialist, when engaged in argument, tho' not given to controversy. A great reader, rising before day in the winter to study, sleeping but about five hours, nice and acute in metaphysical analysis. Fond of Natural History, well acquainted with the plants and trees of Massachusetts. Social and funny, but never profane or indecent, well-mannered. "Had all the manners of the neighborhood". Eminently

just and magnanimous, fearless in the expression of opinion, a Federalist, only four others in the town, often arbitrator in quarrels, and guardian of orphans, widows &c. Administered estates — for there was no Lawyer, not thrifty, so not rich. Devoted to education, took great pains with the culture of his children, intellectual and moral.

Did not like poetry, but read Pope, Dryden, Milton Shakespeare, Trumbull, Peter Pindar and Abraham Cowley. In later years of his life fond of novels. He disliked Paley and Jonathan Edwards. "Paley left us no conscience". Did not believe eternal damnation, nor the grotesque miracles of the Old Testament or the New Testament, a great reader of the Bible.

Hannah (Stearns) Parker daughter of Benjamin and Hannah (Segur) Stearns, a handsome woman, delicate and slightly built, industrious, thrifty, charitable to the poor. Fond of literature. Father used to read aloud while she sewed in the evening. Loved poetry, (Volkes lieder) could repeat a good deal of poetry, especially ballads and religious poems, hymns &c. Knew the Old Testament and New Testament thoroughly. Imaginative, delicate-minded, poetic, yet a very practical woman. Far-sighted, nice in her perceptions and judgments. It used to startle me sometimes in body and does now as I think of it. Took great pains with the religious training of her children, but

Ripley J.

cared little for such doctrines as Trinity &c. No Bigotry, no Cant, no Fear. Religion as love and good works. She had what I call Piety — the ideal part of Religion, Love of God as well as Morality. She directed the religious reading of the Family. But there was not much bigoted literature allowed in the house.

Theodore Parker learned to read at home, went to school at five or six, (in May 1816) a woman's school, kept twelve to sixteen weeks in summer. To a man's school 1816–1817, kept twelve weeks.

When a little boy (June 1819) an old man overtook me going to school, walked a mile and a half with me, and told me what it was possible for a bright boy to do and to be, what I might do and be. It had a great influence on me. I began to think I "might be somebody". I read a great deal, Homer and Plutarch before eight years old. Rollin's ancient History about the same time, and lots of Histories, with all the Poetry I could find, Pope, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, before ten. Books of Travel delighted me. I took to metaphysics about eleven to twelve.

We had in the family some manuscript histories of some of the Segur family — Mother's ancestors — and their captivity with the Indians, also Mrs. Rowlandson's adventures &c; Books on the "Indian wars" &c. Mother knew by heart many family histories of the old New England times, and used to tell them to me. We had also a

folio volume of Travels in the Levant, which interested me much as soon as I could read,—and to this day. Father and Mother always read the books first, and examined me in every book I read. If I could not give a good account of it, I must not have another till I could satisfy the rigorous demands of Father. Poetry I learned to repeat—whole volumes of it: so the New Testament. It was a great pleasure. At ten to fifteen I could repeat a poem of four hundred or a thousand lines at a single reading, or a song from hearing it once, used to commit the hymns while the Minister was reading, before the choir began to sing. Began to write "poetry" at eight.

I was early interested in Botany, and soon learned the habits of all the plants (except the cryptogamia) in the neighborhood. All the family were interested in the same thing. I knew all the woody shrubs and trees of Massachusetts before ten, except the few which did not grow in our neighborhood. About ten or twelve, I made a catalogue of all vegetable productions which grew on the farm, trees, shrubs &c. Alas, there are many of which I could find no names, and so invented them—fanciful enough.

We had a copy of Morse's large Geography which helped me a good deal, and a folio copy of Evelyn's celebrated Sylva and Pomona. It was a great treasure to me. It contained bits of poetry too which delighted me, passages from Tusser and

Ripley G.

Chancer, which I had not seen before. Mr. Lyman's garden at Waltham filled me with admiration at the rare trees, plants and shrubs which I did not know. I went there when eleven or twelve, (1822) to see them. Then the foreign fruits which I saw at my first visit to Boston, the tropical husks and leaves which came wrapped around bales of merchandize as tea-chests and other boxes stimulated my love of nature still more.

Geology early attracted my attention. But there were no books, no teachers, so I used to inquire after the conformation of the hills in other parts of the country which I had never seen. In my neighborhood they all had their steep sides towards the South and East. I always asked boys - and men when I dared - who came from a distance, if it were so in their country. I got this answer commonly "I den know"! An Englishman told me about the peat mounds in Britain, which I could not account for. I got together all the odd stones &c, I could find. A neighbor once brought me in my sixteenth year a bit of black oxide of Manganese which abound-ded on the farm of his son in Vermont, and wanted to know what it was; it took me a day or two to find out, with the rude chemical apparatus I had made. But I did - and told him to the amazement of the neighbors.

Ripley G.

In my tenth year I began to study Latin at the common school in the winter. It lasted twelve weeks when the money held out, sometimes only eleven or ten. This continued five winters in which time I read the usual elementary books, with Virgil, Cicero's select orations and Sallust. I began Greek at eleven.

One winter 1825-6 we had a teacher who could not teach Latin - or any thing else to me - I went to him five weeks, studied natural philosophy, astronomy, chemistry and Rhetoric by myself, only reciting to him. Astronomy had always interested me much. When twelve years old I once saw the crescent form of Venus with my naked eye. It amazed me. Nobody else could see it. Father was not at home; nobody knew that the Planets exhibit this form, so I hunted after a book on astronomy and got it from the schoolmaster, and found out that fact and its reason.

In 1826-7 we had another schoolmaster who could not teach Latin, so I pursued my studies by myself, and took to Algebra - Colburn's Algebra was just published - I went through it in twenty days and a half, mastering the book, and then left the school.

In 1827 - February March and April - I went to the Lexington Academy ten or eleven weeks. But

Ripley E.

profited little by it - the Principal teaching me nothing to speak of - except the pronunciation of Latin. In 29-30 I taught a school seventeen weeks, and continued to do the same for four winters, working at home on the farm, and in the shop during the rest of the year. In 1830 I entered the Freshman class at Harvard College, intending to work at home till I was twenty-one, and then join the class; at that time I finished the college course as far as the end of the Junior year, and had read a good deal of Latin and Greek and Mathematics not required at college.

In 1831 (March 23) I went to Boston as a teacher in a private school, at a salary of fifteen dollars a month and my board. I taught Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. I had read Virgil some twenty times, Horace nearly as many and could repeat the finest passages of each.

In Boston I found a teacher for French and Spanish, and soon could read and write them both with ease and accuracy. I also studied German that year, and made rapid progress. I began Hebrew also, but could get no tolerable Grammar or Dictionary.

I continued my mathematical labors, my acquaintance with Mr. Grund stimulated me to that, also the sight of Newton's Principia, I could neither borrow nor buy it. I read the whole of

Ripley G.

Homer, a good deal of Xenophon, and Demosthenes, I could not buy the complete works. I read Æschylus also that year, and went deeper into Metaphysics and Physics.

In 1832 I removed to Watertown and opened a private school on my own account, and continued there two years. During that time I continued the study of Latin and Greek authors, reading the whole of Tacitus, most of Cicero, Herodotus, Thucidydes, Pindar, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus – the four last I translated, as well as Æschylus. I studied Metaphysics still further, and read Cousin, and the new school of French Philosophers. I became acquainted with Coleridge's works also. Continued the study of German authors – Schiller, Goethe, Klopstock.

Began evenings to study Hebrew with the help of Mr. Ferras, who lived at Charlestown. I used to walk there Saturday afternoons in the summer to get the pronunciation. Began the study of Theology, and in 1834 entered the theological school in Cambridge, "to advanced standing."

Here I continued two years and three months. I read all the Greek Poets, except the comic, all the Greek Histories except the Byzantine, and the works of Philo and Hesiod with numerous minor philosophical works, in this tongue. I read also most of the Latin Poets, of classical times. I studied Italian, and read the great authors of Italy, from

Ripley G.

Dante downward. I also studied Portuguese, and read a good deal of Spanish Literature. I studied also Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, Modern Greek, Chaldee, Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and got a smattering of the Aethiopian. Russian I attempted but could not master the sounds of that unspeakable alphabet without help and gave it up for another time. I did not get the pronunciation of the Dutch or the Swedish, but followed the German. Here I made the acquaintance of the German Philosophers — Kant and Schelling — with their coadjutors and opponents, and the German Theologians whom I read thoroughly. I read also largely in English literature — of all departments.

In 1836 I left the theological school, married Lydia D. Cabot, 20th April 1837, and on June 21st was settled at West Roxbury. Went to Europe September 1843, returned September 1844. Began to preach in Boston February 16. 1845, left Roxbury Pulpit Feb 16. 1846, and here I am.

Ripley G.

August or September 1854.

Dear George.

Enclosed I send you some matter relative to the German translation of my works. Do as you like with it. I send also by Adams Express a parcel of Copy which I destined originally for the Westminster Review, owing at Chapman's solicitation, a year ago last May, 1853! He sent me the proof-sheet last October that I might correct and cut it down to forty pages. I did so, still it did not appear. So I demanded it back—here it is. Now if you can get it into any periodical, do so. If not put it in the Tribune, without retrenchment, or if not, why send it to me.

Here are other data in reference to myself.
In 1841 (19th May) preached the Sermon at South Boston.
In 1846 (June 7th) preached against the Mexican war, then just begun.
I made my first speech in Faneuil Hall, June 1846. on the Mexican war.
In the autumn of 1846. a man was kidnapped in Boston, "on the High Road between Faneuil Hall and old Quincy"; we had a great meeting at Faneuil Hall, John Quincy Adams presiding—his last appearance in a meeting of the People. I spoke. Then after that I took a more active part in the Anti-Slavery movement; spoke at all sorts of Anti-Slavery conventions.

Ripley G.

1850. March 5th. at Faneuil Hall against Webster's speech of March 7th. And again preached ("Sermon of Conscience") against the Fugitive Slave Bill, Sept 22. 1850 immediately after it had passed, then against its execution "Thanksgiving Sermon" in the time of an attempt to arrest Ellen Croft &c. again the next Spring in the Sims time. You will find all the dates in Occasional Sermons Speeches &c. Vol II. — and all the information you want.

You know the Webster Sermon, the Nebraska, and all that has followed since — &c.

J.

Boston Sept 21st 1854.

My dear George,

I will try and write so that you can read the matter. I have just read your papers on Pierpont and Ralph Waldo Emerson. I think I love and admire Emerson more than you do; so there are some things in the paper which I don't quite agree with. But in the main I like it, the spirit is high and generous. It is admirably written. You never wrote better than in the three sketches of Pierpont, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Andrews Norton. "Yàs — It was wall done. But ng he lied! He knows he lied"!

Ripley E.

There is no shadow in your picture of Pierpont. You once gave me an analysis of Pierpont (and of Sumner at the same time) which I thought was masterly: you gave the shadow then which both made the picture more artistic, and the noble traits in Pierpont yet more salient. But I like your portrait of Pierpont better than that of Emerson. And I am almost glad that you did not put in the criticisms which you made to me on Pierpont. Just now considering all that he has done and suffered, it would seem a little ungenerous to be quite just. All pictures must be painted in reference to the light they are to hang in and be looked at.

Now when you come to tell about me, I wish you would make a picture which will make me ashamed of what is ill in me and in my works. I need a thorough criticism from an able hand. It is too much to expect in private. . . . But I should read with great interest a critique which told me of my faults — of nature, culture, motive, conduct, aim and manner. I know I must have made great errors; but I don't see them. I am afraid that the hollow of my foot "will make a hole in the ground," and somebody will one day fall into it. I should like to be criticized as I criticized Emerson — only better. Now don't let your friendship run away with your judgment;

Ripley S.

"naught extenuate
And nothing add."

I know you will set down naught in malice. But here are yet one or two things which I want in the picture. I love sience in almost all departments, from the most abstract metaphysics to the most concrete application of Natures laws in the new machine for planing oblique and irregular surfaces which one of my neighbors put in his shop last week. I love all departments of Natural Histor, and am at home with beast, bird, fish and insect, and all manner of (phaenoganous) plants.

When a boy I had an intense passion for Beauty in every form. I knew all the rare flowers, wild or cultivated. When a little boy in petticoats I used to lie all the forenoon in June and watch the great clouds, and see the incessant play of form and colour. There was a pond a mile off whither I used to go a-fishing- but I only caught the landscape. I never fished much, but looked down into the water and saw the shadows on the other side creep over the water, and listened to the sounds from the distant farms. When I was six or seven years old, there came a perfectly beautiful young girl to our little district school; she was seven to eight. She fascinated my eyes from my book, and I was chid for not getting my lessons. It

Ripley S.

never happened before; never after the little witch went away. She only staid a week and I cried bitterly when she went off. She was so handsome I did not dare speak to her, but loved to keep near her as a butterfly to a thistle blossom. Her name was Narcissa, she fell over into the flood of time, and vanished before I was seven years old. I loved beauty of form before beauty of colour. I wonder if this is usual? You know, beauty of sound (not artificial of music) filled me with ravishment, the winds in the leaves, and the rushing brooks were a delight from ~~for~~ the earliest boyhood till now. Fine little pieces of literary art I culled out in childhood, and committed them to memory. It was no effort, it did itself. Especially poetry was my delight. My sisters had a little bag full of clippings from the newspapers, which helped nurse my little soul. They also encouraged me in my transcendental tastes for the beautiful. But hard work, and the Rees angustae domi, left but a poor soil for such a harvest. Yet it was hard to tear the tired body from the handsome moonlight, or the evening star. Mornings from before daylight to sunrise, when forced to be abroad, gave an acquaintance with the Beauty of Nature at that hour which was worth more to me than all my night labors brought to my Father. It was poetry to me even if only a dusk horse or heavy oxen were my only companions. The pictures of old times live now in my memory, a never failing delight in my hours when I am too tired to do any kind of work, or to sleep.

Ripley G.

This Hanging Garden is always over me, and I rejoice therein, as no Nebuchadnezzar I fear, ever did.

I love childsen and hens, all sorts of men, and have the oddest set of intimates you will find any scholarly man to be acquainted with. But I am much less of a practical man, than men think — all my ideals of life are philosophical and literary activity — with a few friends about me, nature and childsen.

Good bye

Please send me the parcel I sent you, the article from Chapman. Send by Adams' Express.

Ripley S.

Boston 1st Nov. 1858.

My dear George,

My hand trembles and I must take pains to write and so write plain or else not at all. I wrote you my last, three weeks ago today — while I was putting your name on the envelope the two Surgeons stopped their gigs at my door. This is the first letter I have written since. They did their work faithfully and I have laid on my back nearly all the time since. I rode out yesterday — and again today, and have walked a few steps several times. The evil is all over I think, and I believe the last of my (corporeal) foes is routed now. I see not why I may not live a hard-working life till I am lxx, lxxx, or xc. as most of my forbears have done in America. I had an ugly cough all summer, which looked ill to one who had lost a Mother and seven Brothers and Sisters of consumption — not to speak of nieces and other kinsfolk. But I think that too is mainly over — My Standing Committee has shut me out of the Music Hall for next Sunday. F. J. May takes my place, but I trust I shall be there the following Sunday.

Many thanks for your friendship which never fails. If we could lie under the great oak tree at West-Roxbury, or ride about its wild little lanes together, I should soon be entirely well — for the vigor of your mind would inspire strength even into my Body. But I must do without that — only too thankful to have had it once.

Thank you for the kind and just things you say

Ripley G.

about Miss Cobbe- My friends the Hunts and Apthorps almost worship the maiden. I keep her Birthday as one of my domestic Holidays, and honor the 4th of December with unusual libations.

Furness's new Book is weaker than Taunton water- but how full of real piety and beauty of sentiment. He does not see that only a critic and scholar can deal with such questions as he passes judgment upon. What he says about Lazarus &c is all Bosh- He knows the 4 Gospels are true- knows it subjectively!

But I must write no more.

Good bye

Theodore.

Boston 19th Nov. 1858.

My dear George.

What a troublesome correspondent I prove to you! With this note you will receive the 3d Edition (Stereotype) of my Translation of De Wette, Introduction to the Old Testament. It has never received any reasonable notice in America, for it favors the Truth, and not the Prejudice of any sect. It has never had a friendly word said for it in any american Journal- +++++++++++++++++

Let me say a word about the work.

I of the Original. It is the most learned, the most exact, and the most critical Introduction to the Old Testament, ever made in any

tongue. It contains the result of all the critical investigations of the Human Race on that subject up to the date of his last edition. Since then no important additions have been made to the Science of Biblical Introduction except as follows:-

1. The learned researches of Mr. Movers - a German Catholic Priest at Breslau - on the Phoenicians have shed new light on the Books of Chronicles, Jeremiah and some other passages in the Old Testament. But what he has adduced belongs more to commentaries than to an Introduction.

2. The labors of Mr. Ewald - a man of genius and enormous learning - clear up some dark things in Hebrew History. He gives his conjectures on the composition of the Pentateuch, but he is so subjective and capricious that his works are vitiated by uncertainty, still he said some things which de Wette said not.

3. Recent researches in Egypt - (Lepsius &c I mean) may hereafter give some help in Biblical Introductions - but not yet

4. Light may come out of the Assyrian darkness at Nineveh - and shine on obscure things in the Bible - But it has not reached us yet - -

With these exceptions the original of de Wette bears the same relation to the actual learning of the age as in 1842. & 3.

II of the Translation.

I. I read the original carefully - studied it, (beginning in 1836) and the new editions as they successively appeared till 1843.

Ripley G.

2. I translated the work word for word.
3. I read up on the subject thus: —
(1) all the previous Introductions of the Old Testament, from Simon down to Hengstenberg. This was a labor.
(2) All the early Christian Writers (Fathers &c) who treated of such matters down to Jerome and Augustine. That also took some time.
(3) I read all the modern books relating thereto — often a weariness.
(4) I added from others what I found necessary to make the matter as clear to the popular audience I hoped to address as the original was to the learned reader of de Wette himself.
(5) I popularized the original — thus: —
[1] I translated in the text all the Latin Greek and Hebrew (Rabbinical) passages which de Wette put in without translating, and put the original extracts into the margin. It was a pretty piece of work, you may guess, to do into English the awful Latin and Greek of old thoughes who wrote so barbarous!
[2] I looked over the references to the Bible, when he said "comp Isa IX. 1. with Jer. XLV. 16." I printed the passages side by side — sometimes in the German translation, sometimes in Noyes, and sometimes in my own. Then I made easy and obvious what else was difficult and obscure.

Now if you will give some little notice of the Book — I will consider that we renew the Right Hand of Fellowship once extended me.

Good bye. F.

The Books still owes me more than $2 000. (but about-talk that) counting work & nothing.

Ripley S.

St. Thomas. W. I. 13th May 1859

My dear George,

We returned from Santa Cruz yesterday after a stay in that Dutch Oven for ten weeks. It is a queer place, hot as blazes, brown as a nut – with continual drought; normal amount of rain 84 inches, actual fall 1857 – 42; 1858, 21. – last ten weeks not an inch and a quarter, where I have been – and proud as Lucifer. It is an Island of Has beens – but in its prime and palmy days it was Rum and Sugar with Slaves to wash it down; now it is less Rum and Sugar with no Slaves to wash it down. The Flora is gorgeous, I have revelled in a world of plants I never saw before. Even the henbanes and pig-weeds which grow in the field are different from our own. If I am ever quite well enough, I think I will write the Tribune a letter – and it shall pay me for it. (I am likely to be a poor man the rest of my days, with habits of generosity and $2 000, a year But I cannot now.

probably
The people are poor

Tell Hildreth and Bancroft that Alexander Hamilton was the son of a Mr. Stevens, an Englishman resident sometime at Antigua (pronounced here An-tee-gur!) but sent to St. Domingo by the British Government on some diplomatic business. This Mr. S. father of Alexander Hamilton was also father of Dr. Edward S. a very celebrated man, who first expounded the facts of digestion by the gastric juice. I have just read his thesis in which he demonstrates the thing by 25 experiments. It is a little Latin Brochure published at Edinburgh 1777 (I think). Dr. S. was in Philadelphia 1797.

Ripley S.

and attended to the Yellow Fever so well that the city gave him a silver tankard (which would hold a quart of beer) full of new Eagles. His descendants live at Santa Cruz, holding their heads very high - they are the tip top of the West-End of Santa Cruz, one of them is a Dr. S. - but they do not speak of the connection of A. H. with their family except sub rosa. Dr. S. the Holy Brother of A. H. was intimately acquainted with Toussaint L'Ouverture, and the family had a letter of T. L'O. to the Dr. but it is lost.(!) I saw several letters of Christophe to Dr. S. and also eleven letters of Linnaus to Dr. Garden of North Carolina touching various matters of Natural History; the present Dr. S. sent the originals to Kiel - and they were printed in a little quarto pamphlet. Old Dr. Stevens, A. H's brother - had drawings made of the plants of St. Domingo, six folio volumes - colored drawings, in the main admirably well done; I got a good deal of information from them. Dr. S. died in Philadelphia, where these volumes remained for some time. When Hildreth writes the article Hamilton in the Encyclopædia, he may state the Paternity of Hamilton if he likes, (perhaps he knew it all before!) for I think I have found out "the rantin' dog the daddie o't." Hamilton's father had another son, legitimate, but rather dull and heavy, a Mr. Stevens who lived at Santa Cruz when his father was Deputy Governor for some time, in this century. The descendants of A. H's father are numerous in St. Croix - and hold their heads up

pretty high.

I have just finished "a Letter to the Twenty eighth Congregational Society", and which I think they will print. I wish I could have had your help in writing it – had I been at home I should have gone to New York to read it to you for your criticism. It will be harshly criticised. It is a philosophico-biographical exposition of myself and my doings. I shall be charged with the grossest vanity and also pride. I think you will find neither one nor the other there. It may be the last thing I shall ever write; at any rate I wrote it with that supposition. I have carefully left out of notice all of my labors and studies which do not bear upon the matter in hand. You will see how much I pass over in silence: while others will charge me with lack of reserve. Good Heavens, if they knew what I could tell! – and should if I might live to write the Autobiography you spoke of. – I give the rationale of Unitarianism, showing its excellence and its fatal defect, and its consequent defalcation. The Unitarians will not like that; I want your judgment on it. I show that I have utterly broken with the Ecclesiastical Theology of Christendom, and how; and what I offer in its stead.

I don't know that I have published any thing more important this long time, tho' I preached a series of Sermons on "the Testimony of the World of Matter and of Man to the Existence and Character of God" in 1857-8 which I think the ablest I ever wrote, – I wish I could

Ripley G.

live long enough to print them: each was one and a quarter hour long, (hard, abstruse matter) and I did not preach more than two thirds of the Manuscript—I have not much instinctive love of life, but just now I should like a year or two more to finish up some things—not half done. Still I am ready any time and have never had a minute of sadness at the thought of passing to the Immortals—only I don't like to leave my wife without the endearments which I (more perhaps than almost any husband) bestow on her. We have no children—so she is my Baby. She has no fondness for literature or any intellectual pursuit and depends on my cosseting and cockering as on her necessary food. Here is the Bitterness of Death! But perhaps it is also best for her that I should go. Your friendship has long been very precious to me, and one of the great delights of my life. The volume of Sermons I just spoke of I meant to dedicate "to George Ripley most genial of Critics, most faithful of Friends." Take the will for the deed. I rather think you must let me slide before long. I doubt that I ever see the State House again. I was ten weeks at Santa Cruz, and no critical feature of my complaint is changed for the better: the cough is more in quantity and qualitatively worse; the voyage to Europe—I steam in the Paraná 16th or 17th inst.—may do me good: it may not—To return to the Letter to the Society. You will see parts of it were written with tears of blood, but the people won't see it: I don't wish them to. I avoided

all that was sentimental or pathetic as far as possible. It is not well conceived nor well expressed I fear. It is a sick man's letter - written too when the average temperature was 80°. Commonly I walk in quiet places, often by night, to make my compositions; Boston common is part of my study at home; so were the woods at West Roxbury, the great oak you remember - it was a part of my library. But here I could not walk for the heat, there is no shade, and the house admitted no privacy - so I wrote under manifold disadvantages. I think you will be interested in my account of my orienting myself in metaphysico-theology in the Theological School, my fixing in Humanity the Idea of the Divine, the Just, and the Immortal. In my autobiography I should (not shall) write it out more fully. I know you will like what I say of the spiritual influences attending my theological development. I mention the leaders of the movement, and the agents of the reaction; I pass over Alcott who brought nothing to pass - so unsteady was his punctum stans; so false his method; and so little his culture. He will be disappointed. But he has affected only a few persons, them not well. I don't mention Francis, to whom I owe much. But (1) he has been so false to the Idea and also to me that I thought he deserved no mention; and (2) he is so timid that he would shake all over for a month if I should name him in print as one of my acquaintances! In 1842 I wanted to dedicate my Book to him - out of personal gratitude. He rejected it with cruel contempt, - which I could not bear then as

Ripley G.

now.— But I must end. Remember me kindly to Sophia, to Hildreth, Dana and the "Listnous Republican" when you see him. God bless you.

T.

Dont tell any body what I say about my health. I don't write such things often.

No. 16 Via delle quattro Fontane Rome
Oct. 29th 1859

My dear George.

Here I am at Rome once more, living in my "own hired house," that is in a suite of rooms one hundred and twenty steps from the ground floor, and enjoying the prospect of all Rome. I am in the ancient Regio A l t a S e m i t a on the Esquiline Hill, the Popes Palace of the Esquiline is just before me: his gardens come close to my house; St. Peters also is before me in full view, and the Etrusean Hills beyond it. "Rome was not built in a day"; you would assent to this if you were to walk about in it and see how old and how various the things in it appear to be.— It was a queer place to build a city in. The soil about it is not fertile in corn, wine, oil, or even figs and never was: the flumen Tiburis has an ugly trick of overflowing its banks— it does not fall more than a foot in a mile between Rome and the sea— filling up the low swampy tracts between the

Ripley S.

hills and making the place unhealthy; the water was not good nor abundant (here and there was a little spring-like that where Numa consulted the nymph Egeria, the Romans even now know little of the art of making wells hills); the place had none of the natural advantages which mark out the situation of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston &c.— It is a queer place now: 175,000 inhabitants; 4,900 Priests and 1,900 nuns whose profession it is to lie alone. Lots of Churches where the Priests are "propitiating God"— soli cum solo, for the People don't come to see how the work is done. What a Heathenish place it is! hardly was it more so in the times of Augustus Caesar. The Roman Religion is addressed only to the Senses, and must ere long go the same road as the Egyptian Religion and its successors. Protestantism will in due time follow, being a little less absurd than Catholicism. Thus the tree of Religion drops its leaves continually after they have done their work, and itself grows greater and greater by the help of each one of them. I wonder Ministers don't see that Christianity is one leaf on this immense tree and must fall when its work is done. But they don't and won't. But the men of Science and Philosophy throughout Europe have utterly broken with the first principles of what is historically called Christianity, i.e the supernatural Revelation, the incarnation of God in a Virgin's womb, the atonement, the eternal damnation of Mankind - all except a few miserable creatures -, the devilish character of the Deity.

Ripley G.

These are the Essentials of the "revealed Religion" of the Christianity of the Church - and they will go to their own place. Nihil saltatim, omne gradatim is the rule of the world. How slow all things go on! The solidarity of Earth and man extends even to their history - the same enormous periods are necessary in one as the other.

Et quae sit tibi Romae causa videndi?
you will ask me.

I have my fears of Egypt where the Doctors sent me - it is a dull place, objects of interest few and far between. I have seen pictures of the [illegible] which it is said look very much like the original, and I have in my life seen so many ugly women that I think I can do without the Sphinx; so I let her slide. Besides, the darkness in Egypt is such as might be felt; and there are plagues too, not only the old ones (see Exod. VII-XI) but new ones not known to Moses (or to Pharaoh) - Here I am booked for six months - if I live so long - having hired my house for that time. I have a deal of work to do - as follows: (1) to study the Geology of Rome; (2) its Flora and Fauna; (3) its Archaeology; (4) its Architecture. I have begun already - tho' I have been here but a few days. This work will keep me out of doors all the pleasant weather, and turn my mind off from myself - one of the most disagreeable subjects of contemplation. I can't attend much to the fine arts - Painting and Sculpture which require a man to be indoors. And by the way - the fine arts do not interest me so much

Ripley S.

as the coarse arts which feed, clothe, house and comfort a people. I should rather be such a great man as Franklin than as Michael Angelo; nay, if I had a son I should rather see him a great mechanic – who organized Use – like the late Geo. Stephenson in England, than a great Painter like Rubens who only copied Beauty. In short – I take more interest in a cattle-show than in a picture-show and feel more sympathy with the Pope's Bull than his Bullum. Men talk to me about the "absence of Art" in America. (You remember the stuff which + + + + + + + used to twaddle forth on that theme, and what transcendental nonsense got delivered from gawky girls and long-haired young men). I tell them we have cattle-shows, and mechanic fairs – and ploughs, and harrows and saw-mills; sowing machines, and reaping machines, and thrashing machines, and planing machines & be. There is not a saw-mill in Rome I doubt if there is one in the pontifical States. All the timber is sawed by hand – Mr. Topsawyer stands on the log, Mr. Pitsawyer stands underneath; all the stone, they veneer their houses with, is sawed by hand! At the revival of letters the Italian people turned to the Arts of Beauty – the Teutonic People to Science and the Arts of Use. What an odds between the Italians in 1450 and the English! What a different odds today! – I love Beauty – Beauty in Nature, in Art, in the dear face of Man & woman; but when a Nation runs after Beauty to the neglect of Use – alas for that People. The assembly of Roman

Ripley L.

Cardinals in full costume, all of them "educated men", all riding to council in great red coaches each with their big-calved servants - is a grand sight, while the Senate of Massachusetts - shoemakers, farmers, storekeepers, lawyers, knowing small Latin and less Greek, walking through the crooked streets of Boston as they go to council - has a rough look. But which has the Spirit of Legislation!

It is a curious fact in history - the Germans set up the great printing presses in Italy in the fifteenth century, in all the chief towns; today the best Bookstore in Rome even for Italian Books is kept by a German! It is he who sells Cardinal Mai's publications - even his Codex bat. The History of Rome is writ by Gibbon, Niebuhr, Arnold, Mommsen, not by Italians. It is a German who tells the Italians what language was spoken here before "Romulus and Remus had been suckled." Even the Latin Classics - Lucretius, Ennius, Virgilius, Horatius, Cicero, Quintilianus - must be edited by Germans, not Italians. I think no good edition of any Latin author has been published in Italy for a hundred years: Livy is best edited by a German - so is Pliny. (Orelli who made the famous edition of Cicero is a Swiss - tho' the name sounds Italian it is not - so at all.) Rome is the Head quarters of Priests - they have little to do but to read by day and lie alone by night and meditate; yet they don't edit even the Fathers of their Latin Church. Inter nos consumese nati they are as useless as a Ghost - I wish as harmless.

Ripley S.

The best-thing I hear of them is that they don't keep their (unnatural) vows! Yet they are a fine looking body of men: they alone of all Rome look clean. The Italian women are generally handsome. In America - as in France, Germany and Switzerland - the homely women are in the majority and of course have things their own way; here they are in a small minority, the Lord be praised for all his mercies!

Do you want to know something about the undersigned? Well - I can walk, 4. 5. 6, or 7 hours a day without fatigue; have a good appetite, good digestion good spirits; I weighed yesterday 200 pounds - alas they were only Roman pounds, and make but 150 by the New England Steel-yards. I have been above that, and am sinking down a little just now. I have still an ugly cough - and incline to sweat at night. Some of these things look well - some ill. Running from Death is poor business - he gets there before you. I may recover and dawdle a few more years on earth - and finish some of my many Books; I may not. Either way I am content - few men have had a life so rich as mine in work, and the results of work - perhaps none will leave it with a more perfect trust in the Infinite Power of the Cause of all --- Do you know the stories I tell about you, what new Myths! I hope I shall get home to tell them at Brace's or somewhere else - you being present! It would astonish you to know what

Ripley G.

a great man you are! I trust you attend meeting every Sunday - and listen devoutly to the Rev. Sam. - Dr. Pierce said of him "If he aint a v-e-r-y great man, he's v-e-r-y greatly mistaken!" I trust you believe in him "and all his works" - of which see a list in the last new Dictionary of great Men. By the way, have you got a good article in the new Encyclopadia on D—d Fools! Don't try to print the names of the individuals only of the Orders - Classes, Genera, and Species. Remember me to the Virtuous Republican† - both genders of them - to Hildreth & Dana - to Brace if you see him. and believe me

G. Bancroft

Yours faithfully
T. P.

Ripley S.

City of Ecclesiastical Humbug. Shrove Tuesday 18

My dear George,

I have not written you this long time, partly because it costs money to send a letter – and in these degenerate days, when I earn nothing and never shall, I must be careful of pennies as never before; and partly also because it is not good for my rotten lungs to stoop over a table like this. But just now I find a young man going to New York direct (and directly too) who offers to take what I write, and I cannot well resist the temptation: so here comes a little note. – A dreadful old wicked city is this Rome: on her forehead is written MYSTERY. INIQUITY. BABYLON the GREAT and diverse other hard words, and besides, it is said something yet worse is written on her thigh. It is an old Pagan City – not less idolatrous and polytheistic than in the days of Mark Antony; but really a little less bloody – and more decorous. To an antiquary Rome is a delightful place, so it is instructive for a philosophic student of human affairs to sit down on the Quirinal Hill – where I have my sky-parlor one hundred and twenty stairs from the ground – and call up before him, as I try to do, (1) the Rome of Nature; (2) Rome before the Romans; (3) Rome of the Kings; (4) Rome of the Consuls; (5) Rome of the Emperors; (6) Rome of the Popes – I in the Dark Ages, up to A.D. 800, 2 in the Middle Ages 800 to 145[illegible] in modern times 1450 to 1860. They all come up faithfully and tell their story, yet it is surprising that

Christian Rome has so few monuments before 1450.— not a palace or house, or public building now standing in Rome which dates back before the capture of Constantinople. Old Rome is a modern City — her eighty palaces, and almost all of her three hundred or three hundred and sixty churches are since 1450.— In running my eye over the two hundred and seventy four (I think that is the number) Popes, I am struck with many able men and some great ones — some utterly wicked and heartless but not very many. Gregory I and VII, Innocent III, Sixtus V. Julius II, and Paul IV were all men of power, great power tho' the two last were about as unprincipled and wicked wretches as you could find in the American congress, or the chairs of New York Editors. It is curious to see how a logical necessity controls these poor wretches — the Papacy is too strong for the individual who has it and crushes him down. Some Protestants think there can be a Reform-Pope; it were as idle to expect an Anti-Slavery President elected by the Democratic Party.— Wm Lloyd Garrison himself in that post could not behave other than James Buchanan does. You can't have a progressive Pope more than a virtuous devil — it is Contradictio in adjecto. Of course I hope no good from the Papacy and wish none for it — But it is in an ugly fix just now — commonly the Carnival is celebrated here with great splendor, all the Roman Gentility, Respectability &c are in the streets with their fine

carriages; but this year they knew that to keep Carnival in the Corso – the theatre of this Tomfoolery – was to rejoice with the Pope; so they left it to the foreigners, and themselves went out to the Porta Pia – a place in nowise related to the Carnival – and drew along to their hearts content. But at Milan I learn the Patriots turn out with great glee to express joy at the Hopes of Italy. Really the Piedmontese and the rest of them have done admirably, and while Louis Napoleon has played his cards with a master's hand and shuffled them skilfully besides – the luck of the game is on his side. But yet I have little hope for these effete nationalities – like Italy, Spain, Greece, Turkey &c. Their time is an Autumn day, not a Spring day – they may rot, or ripen, but their hour of growth has long since passed. – It is curious to look with a large eye on the Religions of the world – and see how they come and then pass away having performed their indispensable function in developing the Race of men, giving place to better ones which inherit their experience. What we call "Christianity" the child of many fathers, with a most dubious begetting, is to go where the old Egyptian, Athenian and Roman have already disappeared. Catholicism, the most logical division of it, will go first; next the Protestant part of the house must fall and perish. Then with new and better ideas of Man and God and their Relation, men will mine in these "Christian" ruins for materials to build a nobler house withal, also to give place to a better.

Ripley T.

Divide the great Heads of the nineteenth century into Speculative and Practical men – in one, put the Philosophers (Physicists, Metaphysicists &c) and Historians – such as ask what is? such as ask likewise what was?.. – in the other, put the Statesmen – who organize men and administer them, and the Engineers – (Merchants belong among them) – who organize and administer things, and see how they stand affected to "Christianity" i e to that string of notions called by that name but which Jesus of Nazareth would have rejected with contemptuous feet. I think none of them accepts Christianity, save as compliance with common custom and decency. Where then is a Religion to go which the Mind of the age has left derelict and abandoned as unseaworthy? Ask Lucretius the Roman to turn over in his grave and tell us. Three things go to make up the all of Religion: 1, the sentimental or instinctive part – the primitive feelings of dependence, veneration, trust and love; 2, the intellectual and reflective self-conscious part – the Ideas of God, Man and their Relation; 3 the practical representative part, the moral Duties of individual, domestic, social, national & general human (or mundane) life. How natural Religion is and how beautiful if thus regarded! But as I look on the Rev. Bishop of Divinity in New York, and hear him preach on Noah's ark – that by divine inspiration that old Patriarch had modelled just as the clipper ships are built now – and tell how "he pitched it within and without with PITCH H H H

Ripley S.

Pope about St. Peters on their shoulders while he holds up his two fingers thus ✌ to bless (or curse) the people whom a regiment of soldiers keeps from flying at his throat; when I see the 270 Cardinals in their red coaches (four horses and five flunkeys to each, and often three coaches to a little piece of a Cardinal) clad in purple or scarlet, and look at a Church which has cost more money than all the meeting-houses of Boston & is yet built two or three miles from any present or future or past habitations of men solely to the Glory of a God who seems to delight in gewgaws — why I think that of all the Humbugs in the world this in the blessed name of Jesus of Nazareth is the most fatal and abominable indeed MATER ABOMINATIONUM might well be written on every treatise of that Theology. But it is getting ended slowly and securely as all great works go on — But oh George I did not mean to preach you a sermon; rather let me thank you for putting my letter to Francis Jackson in the Tribune into all three editions. I know I must be indebted to you for this favor; it is not public opinion yet; it will be by and by, and as I have nought to hope or fear I can afford to wait in this as in all other matters. I have cast my grain on the waters many times and have lived long enough to see the waters gone and the green fields getting ripe, what care I who has the name of S e e d s m a n if I see men and women thrive on corn I sowed for them with sweat and tears! I never asked name or gratitude, only chance to do my Duty. Oh

Ripley G.

George, the life I am here slowly dragging to an end—tortuous but painless—is very, very imperfect, and fails of much I meant to hit, and might have reached, nay should, had there been ten or twenty years more left for me. But on the whole it has not been a mean life, measured by the common run of men, never a selfish one. Above all things else I have sought to teach the true Idea of Man, of God, of Religion—with its Truths, its Duties and its Joys. I never fought for mysely, nor against a private foe, but have gone into the Battle of the nineteenth century and followed the flag of Humanity. Now I am ready to die—tho' conscious that I leave half my work undone—and much grain lies in my fields waiting only for him that gathereth sheaves. I would rather lay my bones with my fathers and mothers at Lexington—and think I may; but will not complain if earth or sea shall cover them up elsewhere. It is idle to run from Death.

Ripley S.

I shrunk down behind the sugar canes of Santa Cruz, Death was there too; then sneaked into a Swiss valley, - there he was; and here he is at Rome. I shall come home and meet him on my own dunghill - and if I go under in the fight, it is on my own soil that I die ------
So Mr. Ellis has gone along before us: few could pass off from the little Circle of my friends that would be more missed. Your experience is no doubt different, but he was ever very kind and true to me. He was a conservative Whig when I knew him first with erratic tendencies. He was one of the most progressive of thoughtful men when he died. He never recovered from Kathie's death: it took him along also. — What a mask our politics are in: it will be much worse before it is at all better. Of the end I have no doubt, but between now and then -

"All is as a phantasm
and a hideous dream!"

Frothingham is here - (old N. L. I mean) and often comes to see me and read me his new poetry - better than aught he ever wrote before, perhaps. He is full of kindness and seems to forget that he is an Orthodox Unitarian. Remember me to the Vivi fortes at the Tribune Office, to the "virtuous Republican", and the good and faithful and well-beloved Brace. + and believe me

faithfully and with manifold gratitude

Your friend

Theodore Parker

Ripley G.

Boston 10th Jan'y 1859

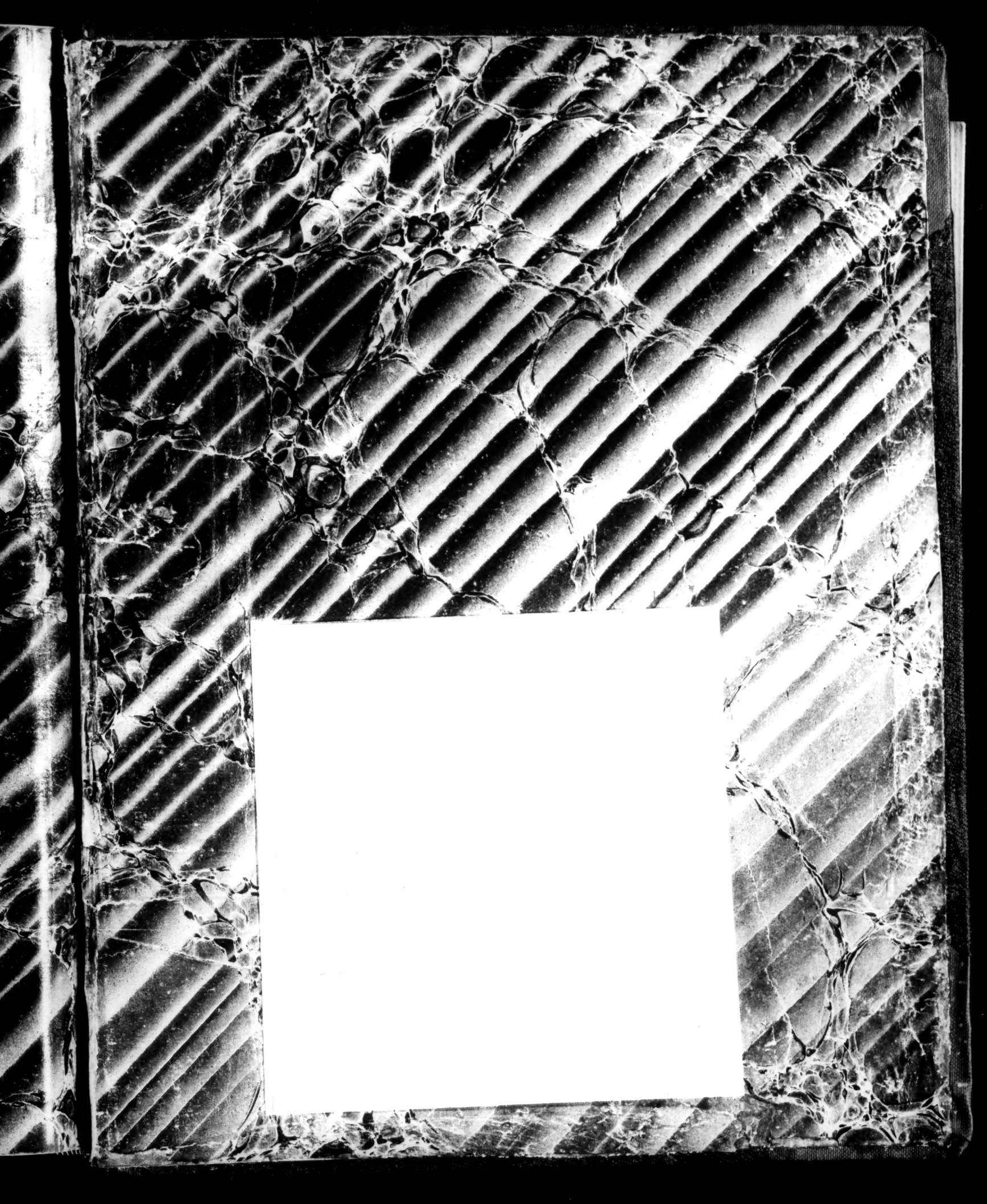
My dear George,

I lie in my bed and write this, free from all pain - except that of suspense — incertus quoque fata ferant. I don't talk and write only this to you. I had an attack of bleeding at the lungs Sunday morning about four o'clock - it lasted half an hour. Of course the finished Sermon lies on my desk; the Music Hall will be shut up I suppose from this date. I shall go to the West-Indies soon as possible, and then to Europe - but hope to be at work again before December. But who knows? the other result I also look in the face. It is a great work I am engaged in, not half done. You and some others love me — my wife more than herself. I like not to leave these — but I can with religious serenity.

Please tell Dana he must let my letter slide. But I gave away three copies of his admirable Book of Poetry. Tell Hildreth he shall have his Massachusetts Quarterly in a day or two. Give my kindest regards to them both. — Please stop the Tribune — it is paid to Jan'y 8th -59 I think. Stop also the Cyclopadia. If I recover I shall want it - if not not.

Many thanks my dear George to you. I never told you the service you rendered me in 1836 — and so on. Your words of advice, of profound philosophic thought, and still more of lofty cheer did me great good. I count your friendship as one of the brightest spots in my life which has had a deal of handsome sunshine.

God bless you.

Theodore.

In 36 hours I have had no return of hemorrhage.